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204

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**THE WANDERINGS**

**OF THE BODY AND MIND**

**OF**

**SIMON LACKLUSTRE, ESQ.**

**BEING THE**

**N O T E S**

**OF**

**A TRIP FROM LONDON TO ROME,**

**WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE THINGS TO BE SEEN ON THE  
WAY, AND THE THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE JOURNEY.**

**L O N D O N :**

**"PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION."**

**1848.**





## P R E F A C E.

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*In submitting this crude work to the Press, I do not conceal from myself that it may occasionally fall into the hands of strangers. The possibility of this, suggests the propriety of devoting the first page to a few words of explanation; for I would wish all such readers to know at once that they will find here neither statistical information, nor criticisms upon art, neither "striking incident," nor "interesting adventure." I have no "story" to tell, and travelled neither as Savant nor Connoisseur, but as a mere idler, who, in noting down whatever fell under his observation, had no other intention than that of giving a little longer life to the shadowy impressions of the passing panorama.*

*I do not even aim at the humble utility of affording the smaller statistics as to the hotels and the routes, or the heights, breadths, and depths of wonderful things: these essential particulars are so excellently set forth in "Murray's" and "Coghlan's," (where all who run may read,) that had I busied myself upon such matters, 'twould have ended in the compilation of a bad edition of my own Guide Book.*

*I may further add that these rough "notes" were taken in the hurry of travel, and very frequently when the head and the hand were alike weary with long journeying; and that for the revision and arrangement of them I have had but little leisure, with even that "little," much interrupted by other and more urgent claims. Thus collected, and thus imperfectly prepared, they are full of*

*faults — faults which none but friends know how to overlook : therefore, gentle stranger, I tell you frankly, these lucubrations are not likely to please you ; and in proof of the sincerity of this opinion, let me remind you, that had I thought otherwise, they should have been offered for public instead of being (as now) confined to private circulation. If, notwithstanding this fair warning, you will still venture “on,” I must pray you to go with me in a kindly, uncriticising spirit, judging neither hastily nor harshly, but bearing with me to the end.*

*To the esteemed friends and pleasant acquaintances, for whom this little pamphlet is intended, I offer it with some compunction for its many imperfections. Those who have visited the same places, and those who may hereafter determine upon a similar route may perhaps derive amusement from the comparison of notes ; but 'tis only amongst the widely scattered members of “our once home,” that I can fairly hope for it to find favour and acceptance. To you, then, whose absent but well-remembered faces used on Christmas-days aforesaid to gather round and gladden one social board, a brother would fain describe his summer-wanderings, and inviting you All to the humble entertainment he has endeavoured to provide for you within, meets you now upon his threshold with the good old word of “Welcome.”*

*London, Christmas Eve, 1847.*

## NOTES.

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IN sitting down to transcribe the letters and rough journal of my two months' travel, I perceive that my task will be mainly one of omission. For (stimulated doubtless by that especial vanity that makes every man eloquent about himself) I was led to enlarge much upon the reasons, time, and circumstance, of my setting forth; to show (for example) "the how, being a bachelor, with a broken-up establishment, and a future of settled unsettlement—with the shadows of overcare from business, and ennui from pleasure, beginning to deepen upon and darken my seven-and-twentieth summer, I did one evening incontinently determine to shake off these clouds by a rapid and toilsome journey; and having thus determined, did forthwith bestir myself about languages, and letters of introduction, friends, maps, guide-books, and a companion; as to how, in this last particular, I was lulled into security, and ultimately lurching by the enterprising despondency of a theoretic traveller, but had his defection pleasantly though partially supplied by a young relative who bore me company as far as Paris. As to how, after some days of a gradually thickening press of preparation, we were at last fairly "off," and then, sitting back silently in the carriage, gathering in review before me the thoughts and events that had crowded my life of late, the hurry and excitement of departure subsided, and gave place to a sudden blank and heaviness—the mental interregnum between the death of the reigning thought, and the enthronement of its successor; for Hope soon reminded me, that I was wandering forth to visit places whose names alone were worth the pilgrimage, and that in this pursuit I might escape from many cares for many days. Thus as the gates of the Past closed heavily behind me, the horizon of the Future rose upon my path, and gradually awakening from the despondency of Inaction, Expectation stood before me. This process of a few hours is possibly analogous to that which a man passes through in a life. There is the same hurry and excitement of worldly pursuits, which at some turning point in his career sinks down and leaves a great void, and this is haply filled again, (even as my lesser vacuum

was) with thoughts and hopes of an eternal city. But whatever interest these and such-like particulars may have for my own re-perusal, I could not expect even my nearest and dearest friend to listen to, or read them without the smile of commiseration, or the yawn of weariness; so without any more of these moralizing digressions, let us go railing through England, and rolling across the Channel into France.

With Boulogne we had little to do, and of it therefore I have little to say. Our evening walk was as long and as dull as the town itself; small beggars hovered about our path, and were earnest and impudent in their demands for "*quelque chose*" (pronounced "kick shows;" *mem.* bestow the first syllable, according to their own pronunciation, upon any one of the fraternity—it has an excellent effect). Length and dulness met us in-doors as well as out, for it was the characteristic alike of the coffee-room and the garçon; the evening was however, somewhat enlivened by a conversation more animated than intelligible, that arose at supper-time, the discourses being severally, an Indian, a Portuguese, a Chinaman, and ourselves; and thus, with the assistance of French waiters, we got up a respectable representation of the Tower of Babel, in which every body misunderstood every body else very delightfully. Next morning and a diligence took us through a number of old fortified towns, many of them sufficiently uncomfortable to the inhabitants to be peculiarly interesting to the tourist: and by afternoon, the diligence, with all that it contained, was delivered over to its arch-enemy the Rail, and carried bound to its chariot wheels, into Paris.

Every body knows that Paris is more particularly Paris on the Sunday; that if there is anything good to eat, to drink, or to see, it is sure to be eaten, drank, or shown, on that day: thus it happens that the Palais Royal (the *palace* itself, not the *place* so called) is strictly closed all the week, but always opened to the public on the Sunday, and as it interested us much to see the pictures that were *in* the Palace, illustrating the history of the Palace—events recorded in well mimicked life—on the spot where they really happened, I take pleasure in singling out this sight as the first and most favourable illustration of my proposition. On the other hand, I am bound to mention the established fights betwixt dogs and beasts of various kinds, which are also standard Sunday exhibitions, and the horse-racing, which is Sundaical, but only occasional, and truly, if the Parisians have any regard for their reputation as sportsmen, they will be wise to make these cocknified "Dandy" shows still more occasional; but on this subject, a letter helps my memory and saves my pen.

#### LETTER I.

PARIS.

MY DEAR ———, I remember me that I am now far from our native Hills, through and over which, and *by* whom one can persecute a friend 300 miles off, for the small investment of one penny; and therefore have I began at the very top of this flimsy sheet of paper, and therefore do I intend to go into every nook and corner of the

page, well knowing that once settled to write to you, mine ancient and frequent correspondent, no lesser powers than Time and Space suffice to check me. (I pray heaven, my paper and my leisure be not more extensive than your patience). Thanks to Railways, the journey to Paris does not take long in performance, and thanks to former experiences and letters thereupon, it will take still less in description. It might be drawn up in a diagram, but that diagrams require a good deal of room, however, if you will imagine the figure, I will supply the words. London, bustle, start—smoke, rattle, shake,—Folkestone, luncheon, imposition,—sea, &c., &c.—Boulogne, supper, imposition (encore)—Babel, Banquette, brandy, and bed, blue blouses, bad horses,—Amiens and appetite,—rail, rail, rail,—Paris. This may be eked out with mention of a large stud of horses that were shipped at Folkestone, the which horses bore a double blessing to the pockets of the steam-boat proprietors; seeing that they completely monopolized the fore-deck, and thus compelled the biped passengers to use and pay for the Saloon. I may strike off too for a moment at the word Boulogne to record how, at the Hotel, (a temple of practical Christianity, where all “strangers” are undeniably “taken in”) we seemed a congress of many countries, China, Portugal, India, France, and England, having each their representatives. In our walks through Paris we have again encountered the first three; Portugal and China arm-in-arm, and India lagging behind and looking into all and every the jewellers’ shop in the Palais Royal. *We* also look into the jewellers’ shops, and in other matters give full way to the custom of the country, indulging in Anti-Sabbatarian rambles in the state chambers of palaces, in the shops of restaurants, hatters, coiffeurs, book sellers, and money-changers; or if weary of places, we wander far and wide to see the people; and much amusement it is to us, as observers and not actors, as seeing, but not caring to be seen, that all the world could not furnish forth a crowd so anxious to be looked at, as this that throngs the garish streets of gaudy giddy Paris. Amongst other sights, we were present at the Sunday races on the Champ de Mars, where second-rate horses run very badly for very poor stakes. An Englishman seeing the elaborate preparation and arrangements about the Course, the profuse exhibition of soldiers, policemen, and officials—the vast concourse of smart equipages and bedizened horses—the people themselves dressed quite up to concert pitch, and perhaps half a tone above it,—an Englishman, I say, seeing this, and seeing at the same time, a very homœopathic quantity of real racing, is apt to be reminded of their own proverb, and to doubt whether the “play be worth the candle,” not considering (as it behoves one to do) that here, the candle is the best part of the play; for the French are not naturally a sporting people; they have taken to racing (and hunting also) with about the same sham zest that boys take to eating olives and smoking cigars; they overdress and underact their parts egregiously, their notion of the latter sport especially, is wholly comprized in the costing—their real en-

joyment of it beginning in the tailor's shop, and ending in the first ditch. Did you ever see the Frenchmen ride? if you have, you will doubtless have noticed the fierce air of pride and exultation that cocks their hats, and vibrates in their moustache, whilst their proud animals prance properly, and not too much, and the sudden modification this expression undergoes at an unmannerly curvet or the loss of a stirrup—it is the shadow of Fear passing over the surface of Vanity; and when their horses run away with them, (a consummation tolerably frequent,) the streaming coat-tail and dishevelled whisker, the jeopardized hat, and convulsively clinging boots and trousers, the terrified “whoo-ho-boy”-ism of their whole aspect presents altogether a sad spectacle of fallen greatness: this is to be observed only of the civilians, the soldiers look well upon their horses, with them constant practice has conquered the national inaptitude, and their sense of “Station” almost drowns the Equiphobia.

I would chat to you somewhat of ourselves, could we meet; could I, for example, give you a *viva voce* description, and with the accompaniments of look, speech, and action, do justice to the half-pleased distrustfulness with which our young and now very red-faced friend partakes of the unintelligible dishes, so delightful, yet so suspicious in their novelty. As his cicerone, I have of course done my best to feast him, whether with breakfasts at the Palais Royal, dinners à la carte, or petits soupers at St. Cloud; but when a faint and imperfectly developed horror overspread his face, as the thought dawned within his soul that he might unwittingly have eaten a frog, I felt that I had sufficiently done the honors of the French cuisine, and perplexed him with no more “plats.”

I went the other day to the Chamber of Deputies, but the speakers, almost to a man, were so nameless and so prosy, that they were neither worth looking at, nor listening to; in this latter opinion I was confirmed by their co-deputies, who interrupted them without mercy, and at length fairly dinned them down. Guizot, during the whole debate, was either walking restlessly in and out of an ante-chamber, or hovering amongst the Deputies, like a bee in a flower-bed, settling for a little while on each, but bent rather on instilling than extracting; for although discoursing them with eager gesture and energetic *sotto voce*, he would yawn horribly when they turned to talk to him. Thiers was laughing all over his facial expanse, and Lamartine “doing the gloomy:” indeed, these three, if properly grouped, would have made a promising Posè Plastique; with Guizot for the central figure to represent Garrick, and the other two as Comedy and Tragedy.

’Tis well I have not aught to describe to you from this morning’s occupation, for our two great enemies Time and Space warn me to use what they will yet spare me to good purpose; therefore let me acknowledge and thank you for your last note, let me apologise to the Home Office at C—, as also to J—, for not writing separately to them, and let me desire to these and all friends my hearty and undiminished regards. I leave for Italy to-morrow. M—

*non est*, nor could be, as I think, unless he had labelled himself, "Paris—with care—this side up."

Yours everywhere, S. L.

Looking over my daily notes for this period, I am fain to confess they are not worth arranging in due order, they consist of grumbings at the land journey to Chalons—ill-tempered remarks upon the people—and sundry small statistics which amused me in the gleaning, but which are doubtless to be met with on better authorities than those of a flying tourist and his chance companions. Such things as these one may be tempted to record, but not to repeat. Even Avignon must pass without further remembrance than that of a picturesque old town, with elaborate fortifications, interminable streets, and a broken bridge; for the Palais du Pape, the great historical attraction of the place, was in the full turmoil of conversion into Barracks.

Soldiers were fete-ing it in some of the rooms, whilst the masons and their dust had indisputable possession of the rest. The "Goblin," so dramatically described by Charles Dickens, had grown a very fat and asthmatic "spirit" indeed, and having moreover lost its front teeth, mumbled out indistinct sounds, that were wafted to you on gales of garlic. Under these disturbing influences, the trick of repetition "Oubliettes," "Oubliettes," fell as sensationless on the ear as "Omelets," "Omelets" would have done, and the only shudder one experienced in the Inquisition Chamber, was at the dampness, for the walls were wet with whitewash, and the floor had just been scrubbed. To Marseilles and a second letter, therefore, I must at once pass.

## LETTER II.

### MARSEILLES.

MY DEAR ——— One of the last sights that attracted my attention in Paris, was that of an "old" "old" man, who tottered a bow and grinned a toothless smirk to the presiding Deiss of the Café as he entered, and I bethought me that even in show-loving, pleasure-hunting Paris "a man must die." Trite as this may seem to *you*, it came upon *me* with all the force of novelty. 'Tis a city in which there is so much to disturb reflection, and so little to deepen it, that when by some chance sight, thought is again awakened, you start at the forgotten truth—you remember that there are deeper studies in the world than a dinner, and a longer future before you than the next hour. You begin to doubt whether gas-light, jewellery, and small-talk, is really such a very perfect heaven, and whether "God" is merely a glib word to be turned off the tongue upon all occasions, from the fall of a nation, to the fracture of a button-hole. Their customs with regard to the dead seem all calculated to banish the recollection of man's mortality. The tombs in Pere la Chaise, with their plentiful decorations, their silver candlesticks, gilt trinkets, plaster images, and vases of artificial flowers, remind you, (if indeed they suggest any thought at all) of the stalls of a bazaar: one rarely sees a death gazetted in their newspapers, or a funeral procession in

their streets; in fact, there appears to be nearly as much mystery about a dead Frenchman as a dead donkey, and the inquiry being perhaps of equal importance, we will drop it and proceed.\*

A dreaded and a dreary journey was it from Paris to Chalons—marche, marche, toujours—daylight, evening, night—then daylight comes again and shows to the unrested sight, the same slow length of white and dusty road unwinding itself before you, and in the full height of unwashed unrefreshed discomfort, you have to endure the wearisome heat of noon, and the piercing chills of midnight and early morning. Chalons is the dull climax of this dull route; the unwieldy diligence disgorged itself in the court-yard of a dismal inn, lighted by one candle, and tended by one garçon, whom we had to “dig up” from under a dresser, before we could get any beds. A short sleep after six and thirty hours waking and shaking is worth an inheritance, but it leaves one very chilly, and when by the gray light of a misty morning, I looked from a small damp and crowded boat, upon the muddy banks of an equally muddy river and was greeted by a cold sleet, and biting wind, I wished myself most heartily in bed again; there was neither sun nor scenery to thaw us until we approached Lyons. When we cease to feel we begin to philosophize, and here therefore as the sun came out and dried the deck, and the banks of the river rose, and carried up into the air with them pretty villas and pleasant gardens, I began to consider how useful rough journeyings like these are in the breaking-up of over precise habits—how much endurance of petty annoyances, and how much command of temper they involve; these hundred and one small hardships—nights without rest, days without regularity of meal or exercise—hungers, thirsts, disappointments—are all so many correctives to the pampered fastidiousness of civilized life; and as I sopped bad bread in worse coffee and made a hearty meal of it, I confessed and felt in all sincerity, that it was good for me to be here; but if it was good to be there, ’twas better to be away again, for from Lyons downwards we had a glorious panorama. In the early evening of the following day I climbed to the ruin of an old castle, ’twas a wild and difficult path, but, like most difficult paths, well worth the climbing. I stood at length upon the highest point, and looked fearfully down a straight steep wall of many hundred feet; nature had commenced it and the engineer had finished the work, making it as

\* During a previous residence of five or six weeks in Paris, every day of which was spent after the manner of the natives, in the open air and public ways, I never encountered a funeral procession. On the morning of my departure for Marseilles, I chanced upon one for the first and only time, it was that of a master manufacturer, followed by perhaps an hundred of his work-people, who, in common with the spectators generally, seemed to look upon the whole affair as rather a good joke than otherwise; for the motley file passed by in disorderly array, chattering and jesting with one another, or with the servant-maids who came to the doors to see, the head priest who led the way, coolly cuffing a small boy till he roared out lustily, whilst the subordinates were holding their sides, and spilling the hot wax from their tapers, with laughter.



smooth and slippery as a glacier, whilst far down below were left the sharp and jagged points of the splintered rock. There is a fascination in a place like this; you dread it, but draw near and linger there, looking down upon Death with mingled awe and curiosity, one step would plunge you through the Gulf of Time into the land of Spirits—into Eternity; one step! and still the devil haunts these high and perilous pinnacles, whispering tauntingly “Cast thyself down—’twill solve all mysteries—end all doubts—’twill break the troubled and perplexing dream through which thou’rt wandering darkly—’twill show thee in an instant what thou art;” and still do the sons of Eve listen to the serpent, and hanker after forbidden fruit, and still (even in the midst of the Garden of Life) stands the Tree of Knowledge. I turned away, and from another part looked out upon those giant waves of earth, the mountains: broad and vast they were, and far and wide the view, ’twas like an ocean struck and turned to stone, in the full height and fury of the tempest; but these great ruins of an earlier world have assumed, in part, the garb of plenty, for men have toiled upon the rugged masses, and adorned their barren forms with things of beauty and of genial growth; and thus, where once stern desolation dwelt, a fair and smiling picture is unrolled before the eyes of God—Like as the insect coral working day by day, uprears the island in the ocean wastes, and all unconsciously thus works for man—so man for God. Next morning I pursued my course down the river, the scenery still growing wilder and more beautiful as we passed on. The rocks sometimes closing upon us into steep cliffs, sometimes expanding and opening up views of wide extent, like great amphitheatres, behind which, and far away beyond, the snow-capped Alps loomed cloudily, and dim with distance.

The ruined castles, and the picturesque cities do not, as on the Rhine, come so fast upon you as to put you in jeopardy of unscrewing your head in the incessant turning to look at them, but in just such proportion of place and number, as to save sublimity from monotony. They seem to rise at your wish; thus it is at Vallence, where I stayed and climbed the “castled crag;” thus indeed at Lyons itself, which I had seen that same morning, from the heights of Fourvieres; and thus most perfectly at Viviers, where to complete the picture, is a bridge of such fairy lightness, that it seemed to dissolve into thin air as we passed on our rapid way. And the people are worthy of their river, for a simple-hearted kindly folk are the dwellers on its banks: a little politeness, a cheerful air, and a willingness to be pleased, seems to make them so happy and so pleased with you, that one would be little less than a savage not to assume these characters in your intercourse with them.

“Avez-vous bien dormé, monsieur,” enquired with a most motherly solicitude the “ancient activity” of a wildish out-of-the-way Hotel, “Ah oui, madame, tres bien, je vous remercie;” and the old “garçon-woman” skipped about the room at the implied compliment in the “madame,” as if her poor old sticks of legs had been suddenly galvanized.

In other countries one meets with daily companions—here with daily friends, and these in all sorts of disguises, under the coarse blouse, or the braided coat, under the portly persons and slouchy costume of the voyaging “wine-grower,” and under the “farouche” air of the “*decoré militaire*.” I have been at pains to glean a passing idea of all classes, and congratulate myself on not having been rich enough to travel muffled up in sulky grandeur, in a corner of my own chariot. The other day, after leaving the hotel at Avignon (already laden with provision for a week, rather than the day, by the kind forethought of the people) the diligence being delayed, the *garçon* came running after us, and with a bow and smile worthy an ambassador, presented me with some sweatmeats from his mistress. (I had stayed but one night, and my whole expenditure 7 francs.) These things lose so much of their grace and nature in description, that I am now half ashamed to own that this little matter quite touched me, and put me in such a delightful humour for the rest of the day, that I swear I would not have quarrelled with the most disagreeable Frenchman in France; but indeed, had I been in the most irritable temper possible, there would have arisen little to cross it; ’twas a day full of fortunate concurrences. In the first place, there was but one vacancy, and many applicants for it, in the diligence, and this place was awarded to me. Item. It proved to be in the *coupé*, instead of the uncovered *banquette*, so that I was saved from being drenched in dirty company, (seeing that it rained all day long very perseveringly). Item. In this aforesaid *coupé*, was one of the pleasantest of old gentlemen, a captain in the R. N. of France; his quiet and unassuming manners and simple straightforward speech, rendered the substantial information which he seemed glad to afford, doubly agreeable; the policy—municipal and national laws—faults and difficulties of the government—provincial customs and products—modes of culture—and character and habits of the people—were all touched upon, and happily illustrated by him. When he left us at Aix, I settled myself in the corner and began to think of Marseilles, for our Third had a suspicion of garlic, and I cannot yet talk much to a peripatetic onion bed; but we were soon joined by a brisk young fellow who had just been thrown out of his *cabriolet*, and before the next stage, I was in unsolicited possession of his birth, parentage, and education—past history, future prospects and present dwelling—principles, politics, and occupation. By his recommendation, I am now located in certainly the best hotel of the city, where there are “salons” for concerts, *soirées*, balls, and cards—a library—reading and billiard rooms—a museum of pictures and curiosities—baths—*coiffeurs*—washerwomen—boatmen—carriages—saddle-horses—and commissionaires for everything, with private boxes at the theatres, and a villa on the coast, at the disposal of the visitors, with a tame physician on the premises, and where one breakfasts off eight courses, and dines off fourteen, in order to keep him employed; notwithstanding all these resources, the *Maitre d’Hotel* would not be the worse for a little more schooling in English, as the following copy of a notice may show:—

"NOTICE. M. Chalanqui is anxious to quire roery saitsatisfaction to gentlemens risiting his hotel, and would be much oblige if they will apply to him personally, should any cause of complainings, either with respect to inattention from the servanti, the coo-king, the clean-liners of the apartments or the prices charged."

For the last three or four days, I had been perfectly changed, and really very happy; the character of the people with whom I dwelt and conversed, seemed to communicate somewhat of its own freshness and vivacity, (feelings much unknown to me of late :) in thought and disposition I became almost a child again; my mind opened itself freely to every pleasant impression, however trifling, and rose easily above the disagrémens of travel, however great or many; I no longer criticised and reasoned, but felt and enjoyed. But now I am once more in a great and populous city, in a grand restless hotel, with bustle and confusion, within and without, goers and comers, and hurrying of perplexed "servanti" hither and thither, and calling, and bell ringing, and clatterings, and hammerings, Noise, driving Haste, mad; the very air seems heavy with much people, and oppresses and fevers me; I long to be away again amongst the mountains, or on the rivers, or in the quiet quaint old villages. In this mood wandering listlessly at night through the streets I encountered the two military bands, each drumming it, and playing their noisy martial airs, under separate lamp posts; there was something ridiculous in the conjunction of soldiers and lamp-posts: why? why should not a lamp-post be as good a standard for an army, as a clothes' prop with a big table-cover flaunting from it, or a long billiard cue with a brass bird nailed on to the tip? We are told that the sensation of mirth is excited by incongruity, and it might possibly have been a sense of the incongruity between war and its trappings, and the emblem and reality of enlightenment, that raised the involuntary smile. As I passed, pondering on my way, I drew near a blind man, who with painful slowness and care was feeling his way with a stick, and I turned more than once and longed to help him and guide him on his way, I obeyed not the impulse, for of what avail? my voice and accent would have sounded strange in his ears, he could not have seen me, and would know that it was night, the novelty of such proffered aid would have awakened distrust, confused, and in the end delayed him. It is proverbial, that the blind of all kinds, and in all ages, are suspicious, rejecting, and even persecuting those who come to help them, and plentifully and deservedly are they railed at there for; still, when a blind man is taken by the shoulders, or seized suddenly by the hand, and pushed or hauled along he knows not whither, by he knows not whom, however right the direction, or however well-intentioned the help so offered, the guide must surely look to get more buffets than thanks for his pains.

I have changed my first note this morning, and taken passage for Civita Vecchia. We touch at Genoa and Leghorn, and then, hey for Rome. "Vive la Voyage!" I only wish it were twice as speedy, then would I go twice the distance; there is an exhilaration in passing

from place to place, from climate to climate, and from society to society, that I can easily understand might soon become, a necessity of a man's nature, as we see it does with those who have travelled much. You know that when at home, I am tranquil and immovable, caring little for society, and finding it an annoyance and a trouble to change for it my daily routine of business, study, meal, and exercise; but once fairly driven from my moorings, and afloat upon the wide sea of chance-travel—blow high, blow low, east, west, north, or south, I care not how, or whither. Great cities and sights, are as toys to the grown child, no sooner obtained than thrown aside for others—but I am boring you horribly about myself, and at a time when you have small leisure to spare for bores. I hope to hear much of you at Leghorn; if you have not written to me fully, pray do so or at least get some kind friend to keep me informed from time to time of the ongoings and outgoings, the doings and sayings of your families, and friends, and your families' friends, "with all and every the matters thereunto pertaining," as they say at Lincoln's Inn; and at all times, and in all places, believe me

Yours and theirs always, S. L.

I must apologize to my friends, (or rather, perhaps, congratulate them) forasmuch as I was too indolent to visit any of the Lions in or about Marseilles, and consequently, gathered little either to think about myself, or to relate to others, perhaps a rough transcript of my journal will be my clearest confession, and our joint penance.

1st day.—Did a deal of things with my passport—after some difficulty in finding the office, booked myself for Rome—back to write till 5 o'clock, then dressed, walked and paid a franc and a half to be jolted through the streets in a vile nondescript vehicle dragged by a scare-crow, and driven by a scamp—bore the absurdity for the sake of talking to the dirty ruffian, and trying to make out his patois—home to dine, variously yet imperfectly—was seated by two dismal-minded compatriots, and helped to get up a fog—strolled out for my café, and home to wince at the sight of the guide books.

4th.—Inspected Arnavon's works, said to be the largest in Marseilles. They are even more primitive than with us in England. The conductor's legs and tongue went very easily on silver hinges, and had there been ought to learn, I could hardly have wished a more frank informer. Had a grand dispute with my driver about a question of two or three francs—appealed to the arbitration of two Beards on legs who chanced to be passing by, and by their decision was condemned to split the difference—climbed up then to the Fort of Notre Dame de la Garde, a pathless and steep ascent over slippery masses of rock, I saw the City and the Mediteranean from the two other high points this same day, but this was the most commanding view of the three—comprehending the Bay and Forts, the Islands with the ships lying in quarantine, and the whole mass of houses, huddling as it were for shelter, at the feet of the great mountains that enclose

them on the land side. The day was hot and glaring, and every thing intensely white, so that I came back to dinner with a headache.

5th.—Left this bad-smelling city by worse-smelling water—are men like maggots that they so swarm and thrive amidst stench and stagnation? Did not get fairly away till evening—turned in early—but rose again at midnight and walked on deck for two or three hours by myself—the wild fay-like light gleaming over the waters and breaking off in flashes from the side of the ship, and the soft full brightness of the moon luring me to brave the cold mists of the early morning: prudence at last prevailed and saved Romance from getting a cold in its head.

6th.—The coast of Nice, with its cloud-divided mountains, passed in panorama before us from early morning to mid-day: but few seemed to notice or care for the scene. O'Connell was in his berth very ill—his son and his son's friend smoking, and drinking brandy, his priest trying to read, and the physician taking short and fitful naps, and evidently wishing the sea his patient that he might give it a composing draught. Besides these were a host of rather dirty and very hairy "salooners,"—more dirty and yet more be-bearded "fore cabins,"—a sprinkling of Turks and Persians, two English—(and nothing else) men comparing notes as to what the coins were worth—and a group composed of a Russian, a Spaniard, an Italio-Greco-Frenchman, and myself. We chummed together in the ship, and on landing took a guide and a ramble through the stately palace-streets of Genoa; but we were like boys just out of school, and more inclining to be amused with the present than to sentimentalize over the past; so we went and bought things and laughed at each other's bad Italian, and having secured a box at the Carlo Felice, came back to the table d'Hôte. (Gold fish on the table swimming round and round in their little globe, and eyeing us of the greater globe as we eat and eat, and drink and drink, and talk infinite nothings to one another. I wonder what the gold fish think of the world without, and whether it ever gives them a qualm to see their brethren eaten.) The Opera was respectable; but the custom of having the prima donna on two or three times between each act, and seven or eight when 'tis all over, is a terrible absurdity and an annoying one withal; since 'tis accompanied with so much uproarious applause, as really to leave one in doubt if the sense of hearing be not rather a nuisance than otherwise at an Opera. Is it not monstrous that we should reward a fine musician for her harmony by stunning her with discord? It is very pleasant to wander through Genoa by night, whether it be that Reality having yielded all her sleeping children to the Spirit of Dreams, that Spirit usurps a partial influence over the senses of the yet-waking—or whether the darkness and tortuosity of the narrow streets contrasting with the lofty magnificence of the palaces that make them dark and narrow, are types aptly suggestive of the subtle policy by which the Lords of Genoa built up their high powers and encroached upon the public liberty—I know not, but I

felt that it was a city to be admired by day; to be understood and enjoyed only at night.

7th.—Sitting, writing before breakfast at the marble balustrade of an old palace window, lofty houses on every side, and bright sunbeams struggling to get down into the street between them; the chink of money-changing, and the hum of voices from the gathered groups below, ever and anon broken in its monotony by the shout of warning, as a body of eight or ten stout fellows staggered along under one load, or as the rattle of wheels announced the still more decided interruption. Vehicles, however, seem to be rather a secondary consideration here, there is no distinct part allotted to them in the streets, for the pavement is all of smooth flagstone; and as the middle seems to be preferred by Pedestrians, (who deign to get out of the way at all with much lazy dignity,) the carriages go to the wall. A long wander in a hot sun—climbed a church steeple for one view, and a terraced garden for another. The coup d'œil is very striking in its contrasts, for the city is of dazzling whiteness, the surrounding hills of an unbroken brilliant green, and the sea most deeply darkly beautifully blue. Went lazily through two palace-galleries, and lounged into the churches; (they who visit Italy in the summer-time are much more likely to imitate than reproach the idleness of its inhabitants). The Strada Nuova is indeed a noble sight, for every house in it is a palace; but after having heard it spoken of as the finest street in Italy, I must confess I was surprized to find it very narrow.

The enormous chain won by the Genoese in their ancient wars with Pisa, and subsequently divided amongst the victors, is a trophy quite unique in its way, and a few of its great links hanging over the gateway, gives an additional interest to the palace so adorned. The sub-division of this spoil must have been a delicate task; I wonder by what rule it was effected, if upon the same principle as our prize-money, possibly one or two links were reduced to powder, and the grains distributed amongst the sailors. Sat in the shade and watched the masons at work upon a column about to be erected in memory of the discoverer of America, for Genoa is now for the first time building a monument to Columbus! Graceless Genoa! thy hero would fain have given thee a new world, and thou hast grudged him a bit of marble! The first of our little band deserted us here, and in the evening we pursued our way through a lake-like sea and a warm moist air—the sun went down like a ship on fire in the horizon, and the moon rose in mist, and lighting us on our easy voyage, shewed us Elba before we slept.

8th.—On deck by six o'clock, and soon made Leghorn—kept waiting on board for a full hour, and then after giving our names and some small coin, we were graciously allowed to go and be cheated and detained *ex officio*—"beset, absolutely beset." Called on R—; no letters—much disappointed—hurried off to Pisa, and hurried through the sights; but finding after all that we were too late to get back to Leghorn by the intended train, we went and had a rough breakfast, and then took another and more leisurely survey of the leaning tower

and its beautiful companions; here one more of our little party parted from us. "Italy and Russia" are in Genoa and Florence, and "Spain, and England," sitting lazily in the waiting-room of the Pisa station. One part of Pisa is busy and restless with much trafficking in small matters; another, silent, grass-grown, and empty; and when a party of monks covered from head to foot in a black garment, with only two ghastly holes for their eyes, emerged noiselessly from a dark archway, and bore out into the sunlight their ominous burden (a corpse)—'twas a scene fitted to the place, and one stood awhile in half dreamy expectancy of the "other part of the Drama."\*

Great squabblings for "pauli" with boatmen, coachmen, and blackguards innumerable—shammed rage to save our pockets, and got on board to a famous dinner—made despite of the whistling winds and the clatterings of plates and glasses, (much dreaded sounds of yore) smoked cigarettes, and talked bad sentiment in indifferent French with "Spain" till midnight.

9th.—Had not been on deck many minutes when our good ship, for which I had contracted quite an affection, turned quietly round a great corner, and with a few gentle paddles brought us safely into smooth water in the goodly port of Civita Vecchia; but now I knew that to arrive and to land, however proximate in space, were by no means identical in time, so ordered my breakfast on board and consulted the captain as to going on to Naples, for which further voyage I was much inclining and much incited thereto by the sole remaining member of our Genoese quartette, who was thither bound en route for Constantinople: but I had missed my letters at Leghorn and knew Rome was their next point, so relinquished the idea of further distance, and in due time found myself on shore amidst a splendid chaos of passports, police, doganas, baggage, boatmen, porters and diligences, as essentials—beggars, blackguards, and soldiers forming the superfluous and ornamental part of the scene; exerted a deal of Faith, clouded occasionally with a little anxiety, seeing that within five minutes of starting, I was awaiting three separate arrivals of stray and strange commissioners, whom I had been obliged to entrust with small but important missions, whilst I myself kept guard over my baggage—all (happily for me) arrived, and I settled myself in my place. When 'twas found that my worthy companion, who had come on shore with me, had to return to the ship, he was instantly beset and surrounded by a score of boatmen. Now he was a thin fellow and very tall, almost indeed suggesting to you the idea of a man reflected longways in a spoon, he spoke very slowly and with a slight lisp, and had a coat and a complexion both of olive green, although of course of different shades; so that when I looked out of window to

\* In many parts of Italy, the burial of the dead is effected by parties of six or eight men similarly habited,—The sombre mystery of their costume (according but too well with the nature of their mournful task,) makes the procession a very striking spectacle to a stranger.

give him a parting nod, and saw his long figure visible nearly half way up, and his green visage slightly paled with perplexity, as he strove mildly to argue and push his way through the mob of jabbering, gesticulating Italians, my heart misgave me for having deserted him in his time of need: however, we were off, and now fairly launched on the great highway, from the Sea to Rome (I wonder whether a magnificent official charged Caractacus twopence for a leaden-tag to his valise). A German with large eyes and a smattering of many languages—a fat slow “ditto” who listened and said, yah! a female “ditto,” servant to he of the divided tongues, constituted our division of the vehicle—we were certainly not brilliant. The cry from without is “crazie crazie!” (the tenth of a penny) could the ancestors of these wretched cringing beggars have ever led ours along this same road conquered and captive? can these careless, lazy, and variable savages be the true descendants of the conquerors of the world—of the men whose stern, calm, and untiring energy broke down or built up whatever it determined? the same sun shone on the Roman that shines on the Italian, and the same earth supported and supports—but the one marched beneath its rays like a Hero, the other basks in them like a dog—the one bestowed kingdoms and the other craves a crazie.

10th. Up betimes, arranging the various small matters needful for my stay—went without a guide to old Rome, and spent my day amongst its ruins—back to the hotel to dine, for even in Rome “one must eat one’s dinner.” An undeniably “English” Hotel this, so far as the guests are concerned, but ’tis amusing to see the perplexity of the (so-called) English waiter, who when asked yesterday to send to the jewellers for a cameo, sent to the kitchen for a cutlet: Here are people that have been, or are going, everywhere—Greece, Egypt, Syria, India, are talked about coolly as nice little tours. A man who left this morning for England had been making a two years trip in Arabia (principally on horseback); a scrubby looking “heavy father,” with a hobadehoy son is going down to Turkey next week and home through Russia. One would think with such a diversity of places to speak of, the conversation should be interesting; far from it, the most of them can tell you nothing but what ’tis best to eat and drink in the countries they come from. Sauntered out for my café, and back to my chamber to write home letter the 4th. (No. 3 being lost and forgotten.)

#### LETTER IV.

##### ROME.

“MY DEAR ———, I do not remember at this present moment, nor do I care to remember, how it was I got here nor what happened on the way: sufficeth it to me that I have passed from Paris to Rome—from the rattle and glitter of the modern to the stillness and repose of the ancient—from the gaudiness of the new to the grey hues of the old—from the city of the living to the city of the dead. I saw the sun set last night upon a wilderness of ruins, and I arose this



morning to wander amongst them—amongst blackened and broken columns, here and there in groups, and supporting bravely yet a portion of their once gigantic burthens, and here and there a solitary One keeping lonely guard over his fallen comrades. I have stood in shadows that have been shadows for a thousand years, under arches that senates have decreed to Emperors; I have looked upon Rome from the Palatine hill, and encountered Cæsar in the Capitol;\* I have hurled a pebble over the Tarpein rock, and walked the arena of the Coliseum—fit and best emblem is the Coliseum of the Roman character: the vastness and arrangement of the structure appeal to the mind instantaneously as an evidence of intelligence of purpose and might of execution, whilst the deliberate savagery of the uses for which it was built and to which it was put, manifest with equal distinctness their barbarian natures; a strange and dangerous compound of genius and ferocity they were—an unholy alliance of cruelty and intellect: the people fed the rulers with pride and power, and the rulers fed the people with blood, and *this* was the arena on which the exchange was effected; hither were driven herds of men compelled to murder one another in cold and causeless fight; here were brought in crowds, the young, the old, the timid, and the brave, that starved and maddened beasts might be loosed upon them from those dark and low roofed dens; and as the roar of the monster mingled with the screams of the human victims, shouts of mirth and pleasure came back in mocking echo from hearts yet harder than the stony wall that separated the gazers from the death they looked upon. In this place and at such times died, not alone the unfortunate in war and the brave in opinion, the ancestors of our nations and the founders of our Faith—not Life alone was quenched; women and children sat and saw these things, and woman grew still fiercer than man, and children clutched their tiny hands in exultation to hear the wailing shriek of the strong man in his agony, to see the sharp contortions and the pangs of death—thus, Gentleness and Sympathy were murdered too, and murdered at their birth. There is not so much left of the internal construction of this building as I had expected to see; it is with difficulty that one can understand how and where the people sat. There have been some feeble attempts to arrest the progress of ruin, and the walls are in many places patched and botched with new brick-work, but this is as displeasing to the taste, as the endeavoured patching up of an old and worn-out custom is to the reason—they (the structure and the custom) have both had their day, they have spoken to man alike in their triumph and in their decay—let them perish as Time shall decree. We shall never lack matter for the suggestion of thought, there will never be a scarcity of ruin; much now in its prime, long ere the last stone of the Coliseum falls to earth, will be in rapid decadence, and

\* The statue of the "Great Julius," contained in the capitol, is said to be the best authenticated resemblance extant.

have taken in its turn the place of scenes like these. The Cross, it is true, stands in the centre, whilst the temple of blood crumbles around it: a simple wooden cross, and ever and anon a solitary child or woman passing through the ruin, goes to it and kisses its foot, and a pleasant type is this of the change that has come upon the world by its agency; but I remember that this same emblem has been and is full often raised in high places for bad purposes, and I fear me that although not alone, this, the Coliseum, but all Rome shall fall and be forgotten, the world will not be without the relics of foregone wrong. When we contemplate this people in their monuments and temples, the production of their intellects, and the work of their hands, we are ready to acknowledge them gods, but when we consider the purposes to which such were full often devoted, we must believe them beasts, and this double phase of character may indeed represent them, theirs was God-like knowledge grafted on to brute passion, and little matter of wonder was it that so constituted they should for a time bear down every thing before them: happily, however for the world, such a constitution carries within itself the elements of decay; these two powers lacking the controlling and presiding one, have a natural antagonism, which sooner or later works the end; and thus we see that after uniting in the conquest of the world, in the building up and pulling down of kingdoms, the "end" was mutual destruction, for the Roman Intellect having achieved all that was great, lofty and magnificent in art, literature and design, fell at last beneath the encroaching power of that Passion which it had too recklessly fostered: the horse became too wild for his rider, the tool too unwieldy for the designer, and the slave destroying his master, ran riot, and so died.

Tuesday morning—and a bright, sunny one it is, too; and by fresh daylight I perceive the foregoing to smell shrewdly of the midnight oil, and to have a very dim, candlelight, and somewhat snuffy character about it: 'tis to be hoped it will come to you some evening, when you have been indulging in green tea or strong coffee, and require an opiate. I'm anxious to know, (but of course 'tis useless to ask,) whether you have letters from me written in Paris and Marseilles. We are a fortnight distant from each other now, and before your answer could reach Rome, I shall have left it.

The weather is intensely hot—one does not only change places but seasons, leaving Spring behind you and overtaking Summer; hence things that you see growing by the way, are grown, cooked, and eaten at the journey's end. I make a sad hash of the language, serving up bad Italian, French fashion, becoming indeed so bewildered sometimes between the three languages as to fear that I may wake some morning and find that I don't speak any. My cicerone is waiting below, to take me a cruise amongst palaces and pictures, so with kind wishes and many thoughts, all tending the way this goes, I will end this letter.

Tuesday 11th.—Passing along the Corso after breakfast with my

guide, we met the procession for the sick ; this procession consists of monks, tapers, a cross and a money-box. All the people knelt and took off their caps as it passed. (It is very well for these folks who are so fond of going down on their knees, that the streets are tolerably dry and clean)—rambled on through cool churches and hot piazzas, and amongst colonnas, obelisks, and fountains, to the temple of Antoninus, a gigantic fragment of a broken entablature which has been made to form a portion of a modern building, used as a custom-house: to the *Form* of an ancient theatre, preserved in another modern building, used for some equally foreign purpose ; of the *Substance* one pillar alone remains, and that lies in state in the court adjoining: to a room of Old Rome become a cellar of New, with a church built over it—in this chamber, (before the ground buried it,) St. Paul is said to have lived, and in it there is an excellent fresco of the two apostles dictating to St. Luke. Came up into the daylight again, and went to the gay Palazzo Torlonia, the abode of the Ducal tobacconist of that name. In the court-yard are many porticos, with cool and classical draperies hanging down therefrom, some choice sculpture in the surrounding open gallery, and an air of high finish pervading the whole, even down to the highly-varnished doors and brightly-polished plates and knockers ; indeed it is a place where the spruceness of the cit's box has been grafted on to the palace of the noble. The tomb of Bibulus is at present in occupancy by a cheesemonger, and we were rudely denied access to this relic of the mighty dead by the uncourteous proprietor of the mite-y living.

Of the Mammertine prison, are shown two cells, an upper and a lower ; in the upper are the remains of stairs, from the forum, down which the prisoners were brought when condemned ; in the lower is the headsman's block and the dismal hole through which the bodies were consigned to the Tiber ; here again the names of St. Peter and St. Paul give interest to the place, this being the prison into which they were thrown.—A broken bridge, and the wheat-created island, the fish-nets attached to every salient point, so that the tide might turn them, and thus fish *might* be caught ; men and women washing their clothes at a rude fountain, the Jew's quarter, and a large theatre, around which rough cells had been opened, wherein forges, brazieries, and other noisy trades were plying,—were the points noted on our homeward way. After resting awhile, took a drive to the Porta Pia, with the double inducement of practising Italian on my unhappy cicerone, and the chance of meeting the pope ; one cannot escape sights and places of interest in Rome, whichever way you take they lie upon your path, and however much you may wish to reserve yourself from excess, for the first few days it is not to be avoided ; thus was I compelled, though filled, satiated with "association," overworked with "suggestions" to carry away a languid first impression of the subterranean Basilic, the Temple of Bacchus, Acqua Felice, and the Mons Sacer. Returned in time for the table d'hôte, composed mainly of English and Americans, the first still eloquent upon dinners, the

second upon dollars. Mr. L——, my proposed companion for to-morrow's excursion to Tivoli, is a fine handsome fellow, a thorough-bred Saxon, ruddy and fair in aspect, tall and burly in frame, but he has a gauche, half-bashful manner, and when spoken to gives a twitch with his face, as though he had a violent inclination to sneeze, but did not like to do so in company. We hear of people *speaking* through their noses, so possibly he *hears* through that organ, and in passing to the brain by that route, sound has the same effect upon it as snuff. Fearing lest a too rapid succession of strangled sneezes might be rather tiresome to enact, I turned to my neighbour on the other hand, a gentleman who had carefully starched himself for dinner, and who gave one the impression that he was all white neckcloth and afraid of being crumpled. I made, however, a phrenological conclusion, that as his eyes were nearly as protrudent as those of an excited mouse, one might expect "words" from him, and the conclusion was not altogether fallacious; (he had been ready primed and loaded, and was really rather glad to be fired.)

This has been a day perhaps too crowded with "things seen," to leave much space for things thought-of, and it may be that I must forget *much* before *any* will stand clearly out. Yet it may be, on the contrary, that Observation has lain in stores and Reflection will use them in due season, although forgotten for the time; besides travelling neither as artist, amateur, nor architect, to me it sufficeth to derive a superficial idea by the classification of "likes" and separation of opposites.

12th. After an early breakfast started with L— and his wife for Tivoli; dust and heat excessive, a sirocco in full force at noon; halted at Adrian's Villa; it seemed mere brick and mortar rubbish in an uncultivated wild, without a point to draw attention or fix an interest, so we laughed at our Guide and the sham relics of the custode, at the place itself, at one another, at every thing. On to Tivoli, Irish beggarism out-beggared. "Oh, guide, unhappy!"—smothered under an avalanche of carriage cloaks, overwhelmed by "Murray's," and baskets, seized and dragged about by postillions, waiters, and beggars, shouted for in different directions by L—, and myself, utterly bullied and bothered by everybody, the dirty little Italian stood amidst temples and washerwomen, donkeys and waterfalls, like Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage. These falls are beautiful, whether seen from the upper temple, or traced in various aspects from the long circuitous road that winding round the heights, opens up the various landscapes so artistically formed. But the finest point and the only one at which art has concealed art, is the lowest cave, where a great roaring bulk of water, falling headlong down the darkening throat of rock, is swallowed up, leaving one in sudden check to wonder whither it now goes, what places it will pass through, and what changes undergo in its oblivion: For here the water has fretted itself into foaming importance, to catch the eye, and mocked the upper thunder, to astound the ear, dazzling

the sight with sparkle and spray. Turbulent and unquiet water, why hast thou dashed and roared thyself into celebrity? That those who look on thee and listen, may see thy fall, may hear thy end, may mark thee drawn into the absorbing gulf, toward which with reckless and infatuate haste thou tendest? may turn away and say, "Great as thou art, thou art gone and sunk for ever; vast as thy bulk, 'tis but a drop in the capacious maw of earth." My enjoyment of this excursion, was much spoilt by the neglect and cruelty constantly manifest in the condition of the beasts of pleasure (!!) and burthen. Their lives, poor brutes, must indeed be a burthen.

Another "Irish" scene of impudent beggarism at setting off; our chariot almost taken by assault, L. grew wrath and sneezed silently but vehemently at the rabble—the lady, somewhat alarmed. Home very late, suffocated with dust, and much wearied.

13th. Reading until time to follow with the multitude to the Papal ceremony at St. John's; arriving early, walked through the museum attached to the church; a collection of headless, armless, bodiless fragments of sculpture—less a museum than a night-mare. The Pope in the church—a figure in perspective, clad in a white garment and shining head-piece, and sitting in a strong light; two other figures in red, occasionally taking off his head-piece, whilst he stood up or knelt down, or ate something. The Pope in the balcony—the same white figure, surrounded by many "red," coming forth into the open air, and sitting for a few minutes in a smart chair, afterwards standing up, and spreading its tiny arms over the iron balustrade; then the people shouted, and the cannon fired, and every body rushed everywhere. The Pope in his carriage, a benevolent-looking, middle-aged man, bending forward to our salutations, with a half-sorrowing, half-gratified expression on his face I am congratulated much on having witnessed this important ceremony of high mass by the Pope, and his after benediction of the people, and I also am glad to have been there, for it is always interesting to see a good and great man, from the novelty of the sight. It was pleasant to see the people flock out with flowers and fair dresses to do him honour on this his birth-day. But as the mummery grew more fast and furious I could not but regret that a mind so needed by the country, should even for a day be distracted from his great work by pomp of gilded coaches and flaming colours, canopies and chairs and crowns of state, soldiers and feathers, banners and glittering pikes, cannon and trumpet and the clang of arms, chauntings and kneelings, and all the varied and discordant things that met this day to greet, most like to weary and disturb him; for truly 'tis a motley and incongruous pageant, leaving one-half in doubt as to whether it was a review, a race-course, or a Lord-Mayor's show; perhaps in solemn absurdity it most resembles this last. Whilst the priests were going through their evolutions in the church, and the soldiers theirs outside, whilst carriages were driving madly about amongst the thickening noisy throngs, and vendors of edibles and drinks were outbawling one another, or bargaining

keenly for Bajocchi there, in a sort of chapel hard by were four flights of steps, up one of which flights (the Santa Scala) swarmed a mass of people of all ages, sexes, and conditions, crawling from step to step on their knees—hither gathered herds of priest-sent peasants, weary, ragged, and foul with toil and travel, amidst them was a gaily-bedizened footman, whose outward vanities of fags and fringes involved him in many entanglements, and seemed ~~an~~ obstacles to his religious progress; and following him, a sprucely-dressed matron, carefully pinning up her silk petticoat, and tying a white laced handkerchief over her head before commencing the (k)needed ascent; hither came fat shopkeepers, who perspired and mopped themselves on the first step, stiff-jointed old men and women, who with difficulty bent themselves to their task, but hither came no priests. “Why is this, guide” (I inquired,) are the holy fathers so immaculate as to require no penance?” “No, signor, they take penance too, but they choose a time when there are not so many of the country people, the signor must know that these country people eat garlic and do not smell well.” I *did* know this perfectly well, and could not but approve of the good taste of the monks, in wishing to keep their odour of sanctity unmingled with any from the vulgar herd; indeed, I own to having thought within myself, that had it been the ladder to Heaven that these ragamuffins were swarming up, I could hardly have joined them. One sturdy urchin was evidently of the same opinion, for it was with much difficulty and many thumps on the back, that his brawny mother forced him down on his knees, and then dragged him up with her, step by step. Many a wistful look he cast back, and once when he saw that he was observed, he put his thumb in his mouth, and hung his head more doggedly than ever. I would confidently date from that hour the boy’s disgust of religion: it may be that we owe to some such little event as this many a sweeping change, and many a staunch reformer. After amusing myself with speculations on this sight till I grew almost dizzy with the incessant motion of the moving heads, we went into the cloisters of the church. The character of these cloisters for extreme antiquity is well corroborated by the crumbling sculpture, and by the pavement, worn into deep hollows by the paces of generation after generation of thoughtful world-weary men, whilst the din that still rose high outside could not penetrate the thick walls of this quiet old place: this aspect and this silence marked it out as a place to ponder in for hour after hour, and I longed to be left alone to brood over the busy scene of the morning; but, alas! there was so much to be seen—gilt pillars from the temple of Jupiter, the tomb of the Apostles, the table of the Last Supper, the measured height of Christ, the column of the temple that was split in twain at the crucifixion, and a score of other impossible relics: then arrived other visitors, amongst them L—, who came up and sneezed at me, and told me in confidence that “the relics were all sham, and the custodes, humbugs:” then came work-people and a noisy rout of small-priest-boys, and then even

my own guide conspired against me, and took me away to go walk in the sun, and see old walls and aqueducts, fountains, gates and pillars, and (of all places in the world for a hot day) a Baker's tomb, an immense lump of uncouth construction on which were rude devices, purporting to be illustrations of how they made the dough and baked the bread in his days, but like the little boys at the show, one was frequently obliged to inquire "which was the loaf and which was the baker?" I insisted at last upon getting under the shade, and treated my ruffian and myself to a ha'porth of lemonade, concocted extemporaneously (by an ingenious instrument) from a lemon, loaf-sugar, and the waters of an adjacent fountain—glorious fountains! Rome may well rejoice in her fountains, they are the true springs of life and freshness to her—ever flowing full and brimming over, filling the air with the pleasant sound of rushing waters, they rise at all points and with all kinds of classical devices. Sometimes the giant figures of personified rivers pour from their urns the tributary streams; sometimes sea-monsters send forth thick columns high into the air, and sometimes Moses strikes the rock, and the gushing waters flow out to refresh the sojourners in this "marble wilderness." Home to rest and read—drove round the Borghese Gardens (the Hyde Park of Rome) before dinner—the cafés, and the illuminations on the corso killing the evening.

14th. Wrote home before breakfast (*mem.* one of these letters of exclusively temporary and personal affairs, in the other my pen ran away with me and carried me stumblingly through some metaphysical speculations, which were very little to the purpose—hence their omission.) My morning list began with the Pantheon and the Spadi Palace, from these we went across the Tiber to the Corsini galleries, and fearing brain fever, from walking in the sun, I sent "Guide" for a fiacre whilst I enjoyed the pictures—drove then to a wrong church, Monte Pieta for Monte Pietro, an easy mistake easily rectified; it was up the hill on which this latter church is built, that St. Peter was led to crucifixion—it was from here that he looked upon Rome for the last time. It seemed an easy transition with the world, and so I followed it, and went from the scene of his ignominious death, to the Giant Temple, built for his name; from the rude hill where with hooting and execrations, the fathers nailed the man himself, head downwards, to a cross, to the splendid shrine where the children kiss the toe of his brazen image. Tried to be astonished by the vastness of this greatest church in the world (a greatness somewhat invidiously set forth upon its own pavement, on which the other churches are marked off and figured down to their comparative sizes with itself and each other.) The first glance upward into the dome is certainly effective, but after a patient study of nearly three hours, from many points of view, I *knew*, rather than *felt* its immensity. It was curious to find that it dwarfed all the objects contained in it, colossal figures sunk to the size of life; some doves (that formed the ornament of the bases) apparently within easy reach, were found upon close ap-

proach to be eight or nine feet from the ground; even men seemed smaller than they are. This then is the character of the place, that it makes all else small rather than itself great; I had hitherto supposed this to be an exclusively human peculiarity. There is a very admirably sculptured group here, but two of the figures fairly puzzled me, as to what parts they played in the symbol; on inquiry it appeared that they represented Prudence and Justice. "Prudence" was an old woman of such a forbidding aspect, that it was hardly to be expected that any one would embrace her—"Justice," young and beautiful as the Queen of Love, reclining in a graceful, languid attitude, was evidently more than half asleep. "The artist has betrayed thee, Italy; intended or involuntary, the sculptured satire holds but too well." Thus (passing over the two galleries in the which I had both time and inclination to enjoy Poussin's landscapes and Salvator's scenes of battle, sea and mountain,) I have made three great points to-day. First, that "Pompey's statue," at whose base great Cæsar fell; here I sat me down, dreamily and abstractedly, recalling into vivid re-enactment the murderous deed done before this sole surviving witness, until looking, but only half seeing, at one does in such moods, I grew fantastic in my imaginings, and fancied the stern face moving and knitting its brows into a deeper frown, and that the outstretched arm, wearied with the strained attitude, sustained for two thousand years, began to tremble and relax. A nervous novice, oscillating between the exciting and bilious effects of champagne, and sitting to witness at midnight, and for the first time the "statue scene" in Don Giovanni, might be allowed some such sensation, but in the sober round of sight-seeing, and in the broad day-light too, it is amusing to lose one's self so completely. The other two points are the Pantheon and St. Peter's, the despoiled temple of the gods, and the bedecked temple of the saint, the two great types of mythology and Christianity, of the religion of the Past and the religion of the Present: besides their ideal and typical points of comparison, they offer one of absolute and substantial similarity—in both, the vastness and the symmetry of the dome, is a main feature. I prefer the structure of the Pantheon, taken either separately or as a whole, to St. Peter's: I know the latter to be considerably larger, loftier, more elaborate and spacious; yet the former gave me a fuller impression of greatness, and certainly of classical elegance, indeed, to my uneducated uncritical taste, as a Building it appears perfect, yet 'tis seen under many disadvantages, the ground of Rome cumbered everywhere with the rubbish of many ruins has arisen around it, and though much cleared away in this particular spot, there are seven steps of the original base still buried, it being now accessible by two. Besides, the clearing being only partial, it is in a deep hollow, and coarse and stuccoed houses hem it in, whilst a rude market is held before its gates; yet the sight of that noble portico made one forget to see all else, and when we entered and stood within the circle and beneath the dome, 'twas a charmed circle, whose large but



comprehensible and harmonious proportions held me long enchanted. The top is open, and the bright unbroken light streaming down in a vast column, showed where the storms had fallen too upon the central pavement. There was a small catholic ceremony going on in one part far from us, and never before had small catholic ceremony seemed so small as beneath that great uncovered dome, with its central orb of light, that like the eye of God looked down upon a gaudily dressed priest, bobbing and babbling before a tawdry painting.

The L—s dined at the table d'hôte for the last time to-day. I am rather sorry to lose them, for she is an amiable, interesting woman and he is such a "treat," a man so unmistakeably "Bull"-ish, so healthy, so red, so jolly, it is not often one's chance to meet with. He hates priests as dogs hate cats, with a hearty, thorough-going and instinctive hatred, and with the same hankering to shake and worry them; he declares that there is nothing to be met with in all Italy but fleas, pickpockets, and beggars: he talks *loud* English to Italian Camerieri, lashes himself into a fury at the recollection of the people kissing St. Peter's "brass toe," and climbing the Scala Santa on their knees; swears *at*, but evidently has a lurking respect *for* passports, and starts for Naples, hugging himself with the idea that "after *that* they will have to see very little more of this humbug and tomfoolery, but will be getting back towards England."

15th. Reading before breakfast, afterwards discoursed a vetturino about the journey to Ancona—bid him two-thirds of what he asked. Letters from England greeted my sight; read them on my way to the Capitol, at the which I had to muster all my Italian, all my patience, and a few pauli, before I could gain admission; for my only guide was a hump-backed beggar, who volunteered his services, and in that capacity pulled all the wrong bells, and had many a heavy stream of noise poured over him from upper windows for his pains. Although the ruffian had hindered me woefully, as he had had nothing but abuse from others, I gave him a few bajocchi for the trouble he had put me to, and he went on his way rejoicing—I on mine somewhat wearily. Came home with a bad head-ache from the noon sun, and could not write until so late for the post, that I burnt my fingers with the wax in my haste—joined a cabal to change the hour of dining. In the evening went to the puppet theatre, a good, though unintentional caricature of many stage absurdities. I certainly must have a leaning in favour of contrasts, like the melancholy Jaques, "motley should be my only wear." What else could have led me to go to the capitol in the morning and to a puppet-show in the evening, to stray thus from the "halls of the gods" of "the philosophers" and the "emperors," to a sevenpence-halfpenny theatre—from the real scene of the Romans' greatest deeds to the mimicry of their meanest—from the sublime of the past to the ridiculous of the present. It were trite to say that philosophers have always had their leading-strings, that emperors have full often been mere puppets, and that even the gods, "the gods that live in sculptured form immortal," have ever been

but bigger dolls, created, interpreted, and spoken for by those whom they profited—a sort of cumbrous “fantoccini,” worked by priestly showmen: besides this will not shield my inconsistency, nothing so subtle in the way of associated idea brought me down from the contemplation of the deeds of Scipio, of the first and second Brutus, and the Cæsars—the thoughts of Plato, the words of Cicero, the works of Phidias and Raffael, to go and moralize amongst dancing dolls, and see delighted children—no, it was the mere vagrant love of change: I had supped full of heroism, and insignificance was quite refreshing.

Sunday 16th. This morning I have sat down before and enjoyed a living picture in one of Rome’s oldest, simplest churches, I *went* to hear the organ, and *stayed* to see the people; ’tis the first time I ever saw high mass performed throughout, for one generally wanders through a church the more hastily if the ceremonies are in progress, not caring to mingle your curiosity with their devotion. ’Twas an ancient Gothic church, abounding in fine lights and shadows, and the people attending mass in sufficient numbers to give life, character, and grouping to the tableaux, of which the altars, stained windows, and shadowy-dark recesses, formed the back-ground. ’Tis a scene of restlessness and disquiet however, this catholic ceremony; the main body of the priests, it is true, keep to the large altar, where the long candles are burning; but there are people ever coming and going, whilst now and then a red brother, followed by a black and white inferior, takes a pilgrimage to some shrine over the way, and a detachment of the devout take up their chairs and parasols and walk after him: thus small bodies of the people are constantly on the move, so as to give one the notion of a market, of which the altars and chapels are the stalls and shops, and the priest, a sort of holy Broker, going about to see where he can buy grace cheapest for his clients; besides these parties, were also solitary wanderers, who walked in various directions, evidently intending to make their own bargains with heaven; these would tell a few beads at one altar, go through a small pantomime of bobbings and duckings at another, and negotiate on their knees at a third. These are truly *free* churches; for great muzzled dogs prowled about un-beadled, and the smallest and most precocious of beggars plied briskly their popular profession. Lest (notwithstanding these varied amusements) the faithful might be lulled asleep by the droning of the monkish chorus, vigilant boys rang at frequent intervals sharp startling little bells (the effect of these upon drowsymaid-servants and footmen was unequivocal). Since thus sleep was banished, and meditation impossible, one was driven either to believe or to observe, and adopting the latter alternative, one might notice the priests taking pills perpetually and “drinks” after them: forming and re-forming in rank and file, sometimes, three, four, or five deep, up so many steps, murmuring and bowing in concert to the candles, sometimes, all of a row, then a brace of the lower functionaries are sent to fetch something, and before going they make obeisance to the candles, and turning, face one another, bow ceremo-

niously, and exit right and left; returning, there ensues a great handing about of all sorts of pretty things, silver cups and saucers, candlesticks, crosses, and Virgin Mary's or Virgin's Mary, (I don't quite know how they pluralize either the word or the woman.) Anon more candles are lighted, and two half-fledged clericals, swinging small charcoal stoves, make their appearance: finally, a canopy on sticks is formed impromptu, and held over a priest, who in his turn, holding something invisible very carefully, and followed by the whole strength of the company, marched round the church, the folks taking to their knees as the procession passed; as I neither wished to offend nor to comply with the custom, having an aversion (somewhat national I believe) to going down on my knees without knowing why—my guide suggested a "dodge" round a pillar, the which manoeuvre we forthwith executed in a masterly manner. If these forms and ceremonies were solely the expression of a religious feeling, out of respect for the judgment of our fellow-men, upon a doubtful and difficult subject, they should be (and should have been) held sacred from jest, but they forfeit this exemption when they are used to dazzle and overawe the weak and ignorant—to confuse and check the enquiring—to tempt the wealthy and enslave the poor; and when we remember how much they help to justify wrong, and obscure right—to retard the advancement and stifle the latent energies of the greater half of Christian Europe; and further that with cloaked and sneaking encroachment, the paralyzing, benumbing influence is crawling back even towards the countries that had aroused themselves and shaken it off, let no hand be tied that can wing a shaft either of Reason or Ridicule against it, and let me also fling my pebble at the harmful folly. Walked through the throngs on the Corso for an hour after mass, and after dinner chumming with a couple of Cantabs we drove to the various quarters where life displayed itself; drank wine at the cellars of the city, under the Testaccian rock, having first climbed it for a country prospect—fell in with the line of carriages in the Park Borghese—viewed the city in general, and St. Peter's in particular, from the gardened terrace of the Pincian Hill—took our ices at the great café Nuovo—sauntered through the rooms to see the billiard playing—and home latish. I already begin to imagine that the Italians are much to be preferred, for depth and tone of character, before the French; they do not seem so painfully vivacious, do not talk and laugh for display, are not so constantly on the strain to be looked at, listened to, and admired; there is more reserve and a quieter mode of expression, but yet I think much more real feeling, and a greater sensitiveness either to kindness or slight; there is less sparkle, but more flame, or rather, one might better say, that the genius of France was a crackling brilliant firework, and the genius of Italy, a flameless, but still glowing ember.

17th.—Sent soon after day-break for guide and chariot, and went in the cool of the morning to the baths of Caracalla, the most gigantic ruin in Rome. Thousands of slaves must have worn out

their weary lives in piling brick on brick, toiling hopelessly and heart-sick at the "monster work." The old men who were digging amongst the rubbish, are those who, incapable of active or hard work, are maintained here by the government, and are given this employment to work at or not, very much as they choose: there is hope for the world yet, while changes like this come upon it: for "ruin" thus consecrated to charity, is more excellent than "creation," so cursed by cruelty—verily the trophies of the oppressor crumble and decay; but the cry of the oppressed lives for ever! Looked from the high place upon the field of Romulus, where he commenced his ploughed boundary, and where afterwards was the circus notorious for the rape of the Sabines. On every side abound the memorials of the fraud and force, with which this Iron empire was begun, sustained, and extended. After descending into the tomb of the Scipios, and following still the Appian way, (noting the uncompromising unswerving straightness, with which it held on its line over the hills, far as the eye could follow), we turned off from it at last into a bye lane that led to the sacred grove, where Numa wooed the nymph Egeria; thence descending on foot into the valley, I refreshed myself with a draught from the far-famed fountain, and returned full of fresh and sylvan thoughts; these, however, were soon buried in the catacombs, where the dim small flame of the tapers with which we were armed, served but to render the black labyrinth more palpably horrible. Tombs breast high on each side of the narrow passages (the dead thus forming the walls), some emptied and some still filled with their ghastly occupants; with at no time more than the thickness of a slight wall to separate the dead from the living! This is indeed the Palace of Death; here, surrounded by darkness, mystery, and danger, he holds perpetual court—home, through old Rome, 'tis old Rome alone, that I came to see or regret to leave. The Vatican in the afternoon; but in a three hours' survey, one has little leisure for more than to obtain a general idea of the place: the treasures and wonders of art there collected, would need a twelvemonth to study, and an Encyclopedia to describe. An evening drive to the Coliseum, concluded my last day in Rome.

18th.—Away by six o'clock, having arranged all hotel and passport matters very methodically over night. My first impression of "Vetturino" travelling, decidedly not an agreeable one—wretched horses, and a very ruffianly driver; but having secured the cabriolet to myself, I am at all events independent of the people who occupy the body of the vehicle. What a vehicle it is!—broken and rickety on all sides, not a wheel that will go round without noisy remonstrance—not a door that will properly shut—not a window that will thoroughly open. This dilapidation reaches the acmé in the cabriolet, which swings about in such a very loose and disjointed manner, that I first expected sea-sickness, and next dismemberment from the main body. We had a queer early dinner at twelve, y'clept breakfast, and a three hours' halt, which it would not be very figurative

to call a "halt in the desert;" however, the time served me to think and write in, and I started in better condition for the second "heat" (hot enough). The evening fell, and the mountains rose as we went swaying and swerving over the hilly roads; and seven o'clock finds me once more scribbling about Rome in the most unfurnished (and I hope I may say) the dirtiest of inns. I have been so much occupied to-day in securing myself from bruises, as to have remarked nothing but a waggon drawn by two cows, three horses, and a donkey.

19th.—A ridiculously wretched meal placed before us last night, with raw broad beans as dessert and climax to the whole: hungry as we were, it was left untouched. Away by day-break and enjoyed the early morning much; at our noon halting place, however, I found I had got a violent head-ache, and began to think it would be very awkward to be laid up with a fever, or any disagreeable and disabling illness, in such a miserable place as an Italian Albergo, and so completely out of hearing, as this route appears to be. I could not help at this juncture regretfully contrasting the humble but comfortable aspect of an English country inn, with its substitute here; a great gaunt staring place, like a half-starved hotel, having all the pretension of this latter, with none of its excellencies—bearing the same relation to it, that a shabby dandy does to a Bond Street Exquisite. How complex and reactive is the nature of fear! I first feared the *being* ill, and next that the very fear would *make* me so; perceiving this, the two fears neutralized one another, and exploded in a laugh; rested awhile, but was unexpectedly aroused to pursue our journey, which seemed very much like the sequel to a half delirious dream, being full of painful sights and harsh sounds, the sun seeming to inflame and madden every thing. Arriving at Terni, took a chariot and visited the Falls so eulogized in Childe Harold, (there called Velino.) "The spirit of unrest has come upon all the world, and this roaring cataract is the full manifestation of that spirit." This was my involuntary exclamation as the scene opened, but this was not the mood in which to visit such a scene; for I could see nothing in the waters, but the reflection of my own mind. I noted, however, where a foaming spray flung itself wildly upon the soft long grass, and thence ran smooth and calmly on its downward way—'twas like Rage falling upon Gentleness; but lower down I saw that gentleness had turned to stone, with long endurance of the raging waters, and hardened thus, repelled them force for force, and broke and chafed them into higher fury. Let wrathful men, and men of ready ever-rising anger come and see this too, and try conclusions with the simple lesson written by nature, in her wildest page.

20th.—Day-break again found us stirring. Our fore horse fell at starting, caught with a waggon, and were nearly capsized over the rocks, whilst being dragged up a three miles' hill by bullocks; and lastly, the aforesaid bullocks, began to jib and turn as restive as such heavy brutes can, at another rather critical point of the road. Despite these contretemps, I should thoroughly have enjoyed the morning

journey, but for a lurking dread of another such an afternoon as yesterday's. Our way lay through a wild country, mountains around us, and in the deep ravine below, the channel of an old river, whose bare and bleached masses of rocks looked in the distance, like huge bones; such as imagination might suppose to have belonged to an antediluvian dragon or league-long serpent. On the banks were seen at intervals, fragments of walls, indicating that the habitations of men had *once* adorned the *once*-river. The waters and those who lived near them are alike gone and forgotten, and nought is left to tell the imperfect tale, save the ghosts of the houses guarding the skeleton of the river. I am writing this at high noon of my third day of travel, (only three more, thank Heaven!) This mode of passing through a country would be very pleasant, if the vehicles were fit to ride in—your fellow travellers fit to live with—the horses fit to draw you—the postillions fit to be out of jail—the inns fit for any one but the postillions—the viands fit to eat—the wines or water fit to drink—or the beds to sleep in. Despite this general “unfitness,” whilst new it was amusing; but now that it is growing stale 'tis intolerable. (*Mem.* ate very sparingly and drank nothing, and so weathered out the afternoon journey much better; got into good quarters at Foligno, and revelled in the change.)

21st.—Up earlier than the sun (he met us on the road about 4 o'clock) having a long steep hill to ascend, for which we needed many oxen and much patience—reached the highest point of the Appenines at half-past 8—the air cold and bracing, the snow sometimes laying 6 or 7 feet deep on the road—none now, happily; for my costume is anything but wintry in its character. I am to-day in as poor, if not poorer, inn, than any we have yet stayed at: but being once more in health, I enjoy the roughness, and am again amused at, rather than angered by, the disagrèmens; I could believe myself once more in the south of France, the folks are so primitive and kindly—a cheerful “*buon giorno signore*”—and willing, even though awkward service is worth a whole houseful of weighed and measured servility. The fat and jolly landlord and his pretty daughter—the semi plough-boy “Boots”—the benevolent lion that hangs out o' window as the sign—have each and all won my heart. I must believe too, henceforth, that the feeling of elegance is not altogether extinct even in the coarsest amongst the Italians, for the ruffian Vetturino presented me this morning with a flower; and a glimmering perception of delicacy and grace was manifest alike in the character of the thing offered and the manner of offering it; the conciliated Orsonism of England, Holland, or Germany, would never have found any higher expression than something to eat, drink, or smoke.

22nd.—The rapidity of the mountain stream is an element of greatness in the after-river, in the same way that rashness and impetuosity in the boy, is an element of greatness in the man. It is true that the rapid stream does not always become a large river, neither does a rash boy always become a great man. Nature in these, as in other instances, furnishes the means, the engineer and the schoolmaster must

determine the way. I traced one such stream yesterday from its childhood in the silent valley to its maturity in the busy town: in the early morning 'twas a frisking little brook that one might easily have leapt across—by mid-day a peasant was wading over with some difficulty—by afternoon a bridge had spanned it—and when we wished it good night, works were erected on the banks, large mills were turned by its strong currents, boats were upon it, and houses and people gathered near it, and much was made and thought of it in every way at the good city of Tolentino. To-day the weather has been charming, and our route has lain through a country in which Plenty and Beauty join in happiest union. We idled away a couple of hours at Macerata, and then pushed on to Loretto to dine, reaching there in time for the vespers in the church of the Santa Casa; a choice choir of voices, and an organ of excellent tone, made this chance a happy one for us; the effect of fine music is very great after the rough life and slightly savagizing influence of travel—if weary and travel-tired, it refreshes and revives like a sea breeze; if in a boisterous, careless, rollicking mood, it subdues and re-civilizes like the gentle voice of woman. This Santa Casa is said (upon monkish authority) to be the veritable “Stable of the Virgin,” brought from Palestine by an “express” cherubim (who let the bottom drop out by the way); around and above this transplanted piece of dilapidation a grand church has been built, and it is here that the Catholic peculiarity of confounding and commingling the intrinsically plain and simple with extrinsic show and ornament, reaches its acmé; for in pure exaggeration of that spirit which engrafted worldliness, power, pride, and pomp, upon the humble self-denying faith, they have here crowded into a lowly cottage, columns of silver, and lamps of gold, gorgeous trappings, and jewelled puppets: the incongruity of bare and blackened brick walls with silver, gold, and diamonds, is almost ghastly, 'tis as though one should (either in madness or mockery) so be-patch an old skull as that dead bone and glistening jewellery, might form blotchy alternations. The exterior of this much honoured, much abused cottage is entirely cased in marble, and forms a pleasanter object for the eye to rest upon; for here all that the sculptor's art should do, is done, and the graceful in form, the pure and beautiful in expression, the noble and exalted in action, stand forth in marble eternity to educate the taste, and elevate the minds of the beholders.

23rd.—Our ruffian overslept himself, and so we did not start till, what seems by comparison, noonday (i. e. 6 o'clock in the morning). A charming prospect from my bed-room window, from which I look over the broad green fields, upon the still broader Adriatic; for now all that is left of the mountains, are a few graceful undulations of verdant earth, that sinking slowly down, yield the horizon to the sea a “charming and a soothing view withal;” but (all things have their “buts,”) a terrible odour arises from the court-yard below; this reconciles me to leaving the place, which otherwise I should have been

loth to do. The "Sunday market"-folks were trooping into Loretto as we left it, many of the peasant-women pretty, and dressed in silks and velvets, with elaborate head-gear and a leaning towards trinkets. The cottages by the road-side of clean and homely aspect—the fields rich with food and fruits—a fresh air, early sunlight, and an easy journey before us, filled the heart with a comfortable gladness; and filled and gladdened thus, 'twas but to raise the head, and the freed soul might float upon an unobstructed eye-beam, out to sea, and revel in the boundless liberty, or raised and rising by those snow-clad hills, might climb with soft and noiseless steps to Heaven, and take up tidings of a joyful world to Him who made it seem so at this hour. This was to me a morning dream of vivid and delightful thoughts, but they were too rapid in their flight, too airy and unreal in their nature, for words to chain them, so they pass away unnoted, undefined, the mere nebulae of the memory, in which it is conscious of much light, but can trace no star: and perhaps it is better thus, for if the brightness of the Spirit is darkened by its manifestation in the Flesh, so also may it be said, that the clearness and harmony of the Thought is troubled and disturbed by manifestation in the Word.

A bad head-ache shortly after arriving at Ancona, so rested, and wrote home—met a Swiss at the table d'hôte who spoke English, the first time I had heard my own language for six days.

### LETTER V.

ANCONA, 1 o'clock Sunday, (*Just arrived.*)

Six days ago I started from Rome in the early morning, having after much bargaining, made agreement for wending my way hither by vetturino; and although 'twas a crazy old vehicle, with intensely wretched horses and an unequivocally villanous-looking driver, I had prepared myself for all this and more. I had secured the cabriolet to myself, and upon turning round to look at my companions for the long "traverse," congratulated myself on being thus independent of them, for they did not seem at all prepossessing. The negotiator had assured me solemnly (and gratuitously) that two out of the five would be my own countrymen; but I *felt* that it was a lie when he told it me, and was not therefore surprised to find it one. I had calculated, however, on finding at least one Frenchman amongst the party, and was a little taken aback to find all Italians, one of whom only could converse in indifferent French, besides him (of whom more anon) was an attenuated, peevish old soldier, and a mercurial little cub, (his child,) who was alternately an amusement and a nuisance; a long sallow student (with a moustache like two great black leeches clinging to his upper lip), and a ditto ditto (minus leeches). The vetturino consists of a rickety hackney coach, upon the front of which is grafted a French street-cabriolet, and these two parts of the vehicle have a visual and oral communication by means of windows, so that I could see and hear perfectly well what was going on inside, and a





very restless, uncomfortable "inside" it appeared to be, and very close, quarters for the unhappy quintette, who struggled and grumbled themselves into their places, and sulkily dove-tailed their legs and elbows. The custom is to pay, not simply for the transit from place to place, but for your lodging and maintenance on the road, which by properly printed, and formally signed documents, is bound to be of the best that the towns may afford. From the aspect of the towns, my curiosity was excited to see what this "best" might be, and I looked forward with impatience, perhaps a little heightened by hunger and fatigue, to our first meal and first night, and as these have been much alike throughout, I will describe them as the fair representation of the kind of entertainment thus afforded. It is nominated in the bond, that before starting at sun-dawn, you shall be provided with "café latté;" this you find to be a preparation of warm goat's milk, dirtied with coffee and sugar, in the which you may if you choose sop rather dirtier bread. "Colazione" the next stipulation is a meal of a more elaborate character, taken about 11 o'clock, after six or seven hours' travel; and as you always have to wait an hour for it, your mind is prepared for the grand display, as follows:—(first course) crumb of bread and hard green peas, served up in a profusion of hot dish-water; (second) mysterious boiled meat, of what nature, or from what animal, quite undiscoverable by any latent taste; (third) fritters, i. e., small trap-eziums disguised in brown-fry-stuff (this latter conjectured to be egg,) *côtelletes* de something hard, and sundry bones contained in a bad smelling skin, and variously designated, according to requirement, "chicken," "pigeon," or "duck," sweetish sour wine, and a dessert of raw broad beans in their shells completed the banquet: this with little variation was repeated at dinner—the chief difference being, that for the latter we had to wait two hours instead of one, and so rarely got it before eight o'clock in the evening. The beds are better than I had hoped for, and I was glad not to have taken Coghlan's advice, and cumbered myself with sheets and quilts; for in the first place, these were always clean, and in the second, if they had not been so, I should have been far too tired to think about changing them. The rooms and their furniture are undeniably comfortless and filthy; however, the first part of our journey went well enough, and I managed to cull amusement out of the disagreements that my companions were grumbling at (this being neither praiseworthy in me nor blameable in them, to me it was new and strange, to them stale and wearisome), but about the third day, the excessive heat of the noons, the bad diet, incessant fatigue, and irregularity and confusion of life, began to tell upon me, and the afternoon journey of that day was a terrible one, so much so, that I dared not at our next mid-day halt, expatiate upon it in my little journal lest the painful recollection should bring about a second "phantasmagoria" for such indeed it seemed. We had had a long dull toil all the morning through a bleak and arid country, with the sun glaring down upon the white road, and the white road glaring up again at the sun, another carriage keeping just a-head of us, and

throwing clouds of burnt dust into the air, which, mingling with that caused by our own progress, poured in upon us unceasingly; my companions squabbling noisily behind, the driver shouting, swearing, and roaring national anthems in front, varying these amusements with smoking bad tobacco, and teasing a panting, woolly coated dog, which in a paroxysm of savage fondness, he would strangle or bite till the brute howled or bit at him again, and then kick it into the road, and flog it, whilst upon the miserable horses fell still heavier the constant scourge, each blow accompanied with an encouraging cry like the howl of a hungry wolf. Chafes and sores seemed to be the common lot of all the beasts we saw, cruelty and neglect was everywhere manifest—troops of horses passed by, branded so carelessly, that great raw places were left on their haunches—post-horses with bleeding broken knees—over-driven oxen, overladen donkeys—beaten and howling dogs—lumbering carts of all rough and fantastic shapes went madly by, the sweating anatomies that dragged them, tortured into unnatural speed by the lash upon their harness-wounds, the drivers stand over and almost upon them, yelling like demons; there was blood upon their whips—blood upon the rude harness—blood upon the road, (and at this last, fowls were pecking greedily), it seemed at last, to my distempered sight, to be upon everything. I myself was bruised and chafed at every salient point by incessant jolting against the sharp corners of my cramped and ill-contrived seat, I was stunned and bewildered by uncouth sights and sounds, feverish and parched with heat and thirst, and blinded by excessive light; so that save for the “cause, the consecrating cause,” I might have believed myself Regulus exposed to the noon sun without eyelids, and rolled down hills in a spiked tub. This was no mood, you will say, in which, at the fag end of a fagging day, to take a chariot and a long drive to the falls of Terni; and truly, although I sought them eagerly, hoping refreshment from the scene, I cannot say that I was gratified, or that they at all came up to my expectation; they strike me as being inferior both in height and picturesqueness to many that are scarce noted in Ireland, or even in Wales. Since then, however, I have been well repaid both for that afternoon and this disappointment. On Friday before day-break we began the main ascent of the Appennines, and I cannot better describe them in so few words, than by saying that they are an existent illustration of Burke’s celebrated Essay: in the morning we ascended to the Sublime, and in the evening we descended to the Beautiful, and right beautiful it was! we travelled easily and pleasantly down in the cool shadows of the great mountains we had crossed, the sunlight no longer upon us, but streaming down into the valleys that lay far below; woods and waters, and all the sweet variety of nature’s colors stood out to please the sight, a fresh sea breeze came from afar to meet us, gathering sweet odours on the way from new-mown hay-fields and wild flowers, whilst the ear listened with a charmed and idle enjoyment, to the hum of insects, the song of birds, and the sound of rippling brooks; for a spark-

ling, rattling, little river had borne us company, and a merry cheerful companion he was, running hither and thither, and in and out, but ever coming back, and capering along by our side again like a frisking dog; but frisking and small as he was at first, he grew and grew as the day wore on, until at last, our quondam humble friend turned out to be a very distinguished person, and of considerable importance in his own city. Thus, in quaint old story books, we read of errant knights meeting and bearing company with some poorly clad peasant in the woods, and after travelling cheerfully together all the day long, evening brings them to a fine castle, and the supposed peasant turns out to be the lord of the castle, "and so" "and so."

There is a great charm attached to the growth of all things good and beautiful, whether they be abstract or real, animate or inanimate, whether it be the increase of knowledge and virtue in the soul, or the up-building of a great world-work—the progress of an infant towards eternity, or a brook towards the ocean—and thus, perhaps, for that day, I felt somewhat of the same interest in contemplating the onward sweeping of this stream to fullness and power, as you do always in watching the gradual unfolding of strength, beauty, and intelligence in your child.

The next day was a placid, soothing day, and having risen again by starlight, I slept a good deal in the sun, and idled and would not think at all or of any body. We lost the old soldier with his son and "cook's shop" at Macerata (the "cook's shop" was the title given by the other insiders to a collection of tins and bottles containing dirty eatables and thinly sour liquids with which he replenished these vessels at every stage, and to the manifest discomfort of the others, hauled them out, and stuffed them back into the pockets of his many coats incessantly); and at Macerata, too it was, that our driver got drunk, and after throwing down his near wheeler by galloping over the slippery pavement past the guard house, he lashed the poor brute till his arm ached, and then indulged in short naps, from which we awoke him whenever he dropped his reins and whip, or when we were coming to critical places. We rested that night at Loretto, (the abiding-place of him of the leeches,) and came in here this morning. At the last two or three towns, I made some unsuccessful inquiries about the G——s, and have quite given up all expectation of seeing "La bella contessa."

(Monday night.) Last evening, whilst walking on the great show-walk of the city, a Swiss (my companion for the nonce) bade me look at that "pretty Englishwoman in the barouche." I looked, and felt so certain that it was C——, that upon returning to the hotel, I dispatched the commissionaire with the somewhat vague clue of the name only, to find them out. Beyond my expectation, he achieved his task, and a note and a meeting quickly followed. She is staying in a very cool and pleasant palace, on a visit to an uncle here, has arrived but recently, and leaves in a few days; so that it was as wide a probability as well could chance, that the time

of her short sojourn and my flying visit should have thus coincided. If you see the N——s, will you tell them that their sister is both well in health, and charming in spirits, abounding as ever in gaiety of wit and joyousness of heart. I shall call upon them on my return, to give a circumstantial report of our pleasant meeting. I promised to say more anon of our fifth fellow-traveller in the vetturino; and this evening I can say as much as I shall ever know of him, since we have just this moment parted, to hold to-morrow our several ways, he to Trieste, and I to Venice. We had not made very great progress in mutual acquaintance for the first day or two; but perceiving that he did neither pick his teeth with his knife, "Americanize" the floors, nor eat broad beans and garlic, I believed some touches of civilized humanity to be in him. I changed this estimation for one much higher as the length of our travel and the thinning of our company threw us more and more together, and I could not but admire the quiet and gentlemanly way in which, without spoiling my digestion to save me twopence (as some of my over-zealous chance friends have done,) he insisted upon the "just" when imposition was attempted. With true, because unostentatious politeness, he tacitly took upon himself to do the honours of his country, and to his judicious advice, and calmly but freely rendered services, I owe much of the comfort of the later journey, and of my short stay here: indeed, it has never before been my chance to meet with either friend or acquaintance who would, in the hundred and one little choices and preferences of travel, so invariably yet disavowingly sacrifice himself. To-day, especially, he has (unasked of course) occupied himself exclusively about my progress northward (no easy matter to arrange, I assure you); he has held a levee of captains of vessels, post boys, commissioners, and vetturini; he has been down to look at *this* ship—up to look at *that* carriage—here to make inquiry of *this* mode of going—there to learn the advantages or desagremens of *that*. He has had three or four rendezvous and consultations with me, to advise and explain, and has finally achieved the arrangement both to my profit and satisfaction. I owe him many thanks, not only because he has shewn himself unsparingly free of his services, nor only for his agreeable conversation and gentlemanly, unobtrusive manner—though you will allow that these are much—but over and above all this, he has strengthened me in a most pleasant impression of Italian character; for I must think, that though he can have but few equals, he may have many imitators.

P.S. I am just tantalized by a note from C——, with a carte for a musical party in Ancona: I cannot stay, for I've signed my contract to start at half-past four o'clock to-morrow morning for Bologna; and this reminds me that 'tis very late, and that I've yet to pack up, pay bills, write some notes, and get some sleep, in preparation for my jaunt. I cannot hope to be in Venice before next

Sunday. Kindest wishes towards all; my *thoughts* are ever near you, though *myself* am far away.

Yours and theirs,  
S. L.

24th. (Journal resumed.) A fete-day, which not knowing, I was perfectly bewildered (as well as much inconvenienced) at finding the shops all closed, the streets in all their shuttered dismalness, and the quays of "busy" Ancona cleared and deserted. Back to my hotel, scorched by the sun, poisoned with stench, and heartily disgusted with the place—wandered forth again, going about with small parties of ragamuffins to look at their coaches, horses, vetturini, and ships, to find, if possible, a respectable and rapid means of pursuing my journey—had a great inkling for "roughing it" in a coasting vessel, and nothing but a dead calm and the consequent delay should have baulked me. Note from C—, whom shortly afterwards I called upon. She is beginning to speak broken English; the effect is very odd, one scarcely notices it in foreigners, but from your own countrywomen it is quite startling. "I've taught me other tongues, and in strange eyes have made me not a stranger." She in turn, amused at my altered appearance and costume; and truly a slouch Roman hat, a coarse grey travelling dress, seven-leagued thick boots, moustache, and a copper-coloured face, have wrought some change in me. Admired the simplicity with which her child was dressed, in strong contrast to the custom of the place; there are swarms of what should be pretty children here, but from three years old upwards they are dandies and coquettes. I saw an urchin who ought hardly to have been out of long clothes, dressed in a frock coat and white trowsers, of the best cut, polished leather boots, a man's-shaped hat and lemon-coloured kid gloves, carrying a dapper riding-cane, and sitting in a café alone, eating an ice almost as tall as himself; and *this* is but a slight exaggeration of the rule. After dinner my travelling companion and the Swiss took coffee in my room, and we went together for a row in the bay, afterwards for a stroll through the town—heard the light quick clash of the foils as we passed an open window, and it set me longing for a breathing at the old exercise—home and wrote till past midnight—very wearily, having risen at four o'clock. I leave this to-morrow.

25th. At our halt had the first idea of what the natural genius of Italy for music is capable of effecting amongst her rudest people. A troop of half-sailor, half-carpenter looking men have just passed down the street, singing in concert and excellent harmony the loyal anthem to "Pio Nono." 'Twas glorious, and stirred the blood like a trumpet—I would not have missed that heartfelt, soul-sent, earnest music for a score of morning concerts. His popularity is unparalleled, not a house, not a door-post, hardly a wall, without a "Viva Pio" written on it. Not a man have I met in all Italy but would couple his name with a word and a gesture of admiration—not a child in the streets but what can "pipe out" some little song in his praise.

Citizens, strangers, and Jews seem to vie with one another in the manifestation of their loyalty, for addresses from particular classes and civic proclamations by public authority, all breathing the same note of grateful admiration, are placarded side by side. The sole ornament of the rough table at which I am writing is a large and well executed bust of the "good Pope;" and when I look at it and recall that noble expression and lofty classic head, any wonder that might have been raised by this wide-spread enthusiasm dies away, and I feel that this man is loved and honoured because he deserves it: "Viva Pio" then is the wish of my heart, as earnestly as it is the word of their mouths. I like this old town (with a name so long that neither my memory nor my paper would hold it), a shopkeeper, after taking infinite pains and making himself in a great mess in the cleaning and refilling my inkstand, stoutly refused all payment for it—a loyal and generous people more truly adorn a city than statues, fountains, and many shows. The long hot journey of the afternoon ended in a wretched hotel and an insolent cameriere. No meal till eight o'clock, and had been twelve hours without food.

25th. Punished Signor Cameriere in his pocket, but 'tis scarcely worth while if you punish yourself by loss of temper at the same time. A long stage, and having missed my "café latté," entered Rimini in full readiness for colazione, which was speedily and cheerfully served. Most rare event! These Italian towns have throughout the week much the appearance presented by the low neighbourhoods of London on Sundays; i. e. some of the streets are dreary, shuttered solitudes, others swarming with dirty life—shops are not popular, but the things to be sold are spread about the street on impromptu counters, and occupy thus about half the given space, whilst the animated (very animated) Rags, buying and selling them, fill up the other half. Naithless we elbowed our way to the historical "property" of the place, Cæsar's Rubicon-Tribune, from which it is said but (like many other things that are said in Italy) not believed that he addressed his legions upon that memorable passage. We could not believe in it at all, and beneath such a sun and amidst such a people 'twas impossible to try. Started again at one o'clock for our daily roasting; at four called a halt, and having refreshed our horses with a luxurious feed of bran and water, and ourselves with a banquet of bread and radishes, in a cool gateway, *we* also crossed the Rubicon. I'm inclined to think that if Cæsar's legions had made such a decided jib at the passage as our horses did at the bridge, he would never have got them across; but an Italian driver unites the determination of a Cæsar with the cruelty of a Nero, and the latter generally prevails. Entered Forlì at sun-set—a burning world seen at the end of an interminable vista of tall trees. One felt as much relieved at the departure of the luminary as at the getting rid of a troublesome acquaintance, who has bored you for a whole afternoon. I never feel the want of ready and effective Italian so much as in not being able to remonstrate with the vetturini as to their treatment of their horses,

without (as would be the case in doing so roughly and awkwardly) exasperating them into still greater cruelty: on our arrival at Ancona, and when paying the former driver, I did make an attempt to tell him that I was equally astonished and disgusted that a man whose living depended upon the poor brutes he drove, should have so little care for their welfare; that his interest alone should make him less neglectful of their sufferings; but that as he was an Italian, and therefore, of course, a brave man, and as indeed I had seen some proof of this in him, he should consider that it was the most cowardly thing in the world to beat and wound poor, passive, half-dead brutes, who could neither escape nor defend themselves. My companion smiled at the earnestness I had expended in the cause, and I read in the shrug of his shoulders, that he deemed it useless, but he seconded the remonstrance, and if it but served to make the wretch more merciful for a day, aye, even for an hour, it was still something for them, for him, and for me.

27th. Started from our comparatively comfortable quarters in this good city in reasonably early time, and the morning being fresh, enjoyed fully the whole stage to Imola; there, after breakfast, sat down to write, and spreading out my maps, arranged somewhat my future route. Made our midway halt at a wine barn, where we had bread and wine for the four at the charge of fivepence, and received a smile at setting off again that was worth as many crowns—the first *really* beautiful face that I have seen during our three days' travel along this coast, although 'tis celebrated in books there for: strange that in a place so vile, frequented only by rude carters and wretched wayfarers, one should see such refinement of expression, such grace and elegance of movement; how chanced it that that small white hand should have for its occupation hard and servile tasks, and the soft musical voice fall unheeded on the ears of senseless clowns, and yet the one preserve its symmetry and the other its harmony? A peculiar and presiding nature must have been at work to save her from the influence of the pervading coarseness—to keep the "Beauty" unblemished amongst so many "Beasts."

28th. Awoke to rejoice in the freshness of morning in Bologna; the exquisitely civil, but equally faithless Cameriere, lost me an hour by delaying both my coffee and my guide, so that 'twas nearly seven o'clock before I stood upon the top of the highest leaning tower in the world. 'Twas not so hot even then as to disturb my enjoyment of the view of city and country, and the lower leaning towers, or to cut short my "brown study" over the prospect. Had agreed to join two old Frenchmen in a chariot to the Campo-Santo, but descended too late for the appointment—felt some qualms as to walking thither in the noon heat, but instigated and encouraged by my guide, set forward manfully, and was amply repaid. 'Tis a place of very striking character, and suggestive of much thought. A modern cemetery, where dead men, women and children are built up into the walls of fine airy saloons; some of these halls and antichambers of death are

adorned with scraps and patches of old sepulchral relics, which are thus brought out from their mouldering places into the garish sunlight, whilst others derive an air of freshness and gaiety from new paint, polished marbles, and the trim inscriptions placarded on their walls; lightsome solemnity! gay melancholy! sunny gloom! In the vaults below, hundreds of skulls grin horribly from their shelves, out of which number many of note are labelled; and great princes, beautiful women, scholars, nobles, generals, and geniuses, are classed and put away like chemist's bottles ('tis a fact worth phrenological notice, the palpable difference in the organ of "form," betwixt the crania of Guido and some other painter, as contrasted with that of the other bony "Celebrities"). Ascending from the vault, we went towards a fresh green field, in the midst of which one single skull, exalted on a high pillar, stood alone to show that *here* also King Death had raised his Standard and gathered his Legions. Despite these many and strong contrasts, I do not know but what 'tis a relief to hear the song of birds, to feel the bright glad sun, and see the herbage and wild flowers springing up in this place of crowded corpses; and there is one veiled statue holding an endless snake, that is indeed a "beauty and a mystery," and for itself alone deserving longer pilgrimage than I had made, and longer stay than I could make. I was glad to have been undisturbed by society here; for all places that are worth seeing have ever been lost upon me when seen in company. Looked into the cathedral on the way back, but 'tis a shame to go into churches when one is so weary of their sameness and multitude as to be unable either to appreciate or individualize them—they are cool and thoughtful places to sit down in alone, as for some half hour or more, in St. Petronius I sat waiting for my guide, but when he came back, bringing a vetturino to bargain for the morrow's journey, and that finished, began to show me the gnomes and the pictures, I hurried out to a scene of somewhat newer character, the "Napoleon Palace." The sculptured and painted effigies of the Imperial Pecksniff, surrounded by the lesser "I's" of reflected vanity in the persons of his family, was not a sight to be stinted in time or hurried over. The picture by David, which seems to have caught the expression of the emperor in the high meridian fever of glorified yet insatiate ambition, is a fine study. I made merely a scamper through the gallery of Bologna—for nine chambers of the choicest paintings are not to be appreciated by a tired sight-seer in a couple of hours; and although I am beginning to recognize and enjoy some of the more intelligible masters, still, like a half-trained dog, I often find myself making a point at a crow instead of a partridge, i. e. foolishly standing to admire a picture that has not been painted by a great name.

In taking my evening stroll I was jostled about as much as in Cheap-side; not that the streets presented anything very similar to that *thorough* thoroughfare, on the contrary, the main bustle of the place seems to be vested in a few hands (and feet), but as the whole idle popula-



tion is always out of doors, it is extraordinary what a stir a few enterprising and active individuals can make. I should say that it would be easy to get up an effective demonstration of immense business by commissioning half a dozen agents to buy up a score of shops—a well-eked out expenditure of £50 would do the thing handsomely, and give any city in Italy an undying reputation with the guide-book writers for “vast resources and an extensive commerce”: be this as it may, 'tis a thronged and busy-seeming place: when I left it next morning, confusion had resumed her reign, and from hence, after an easy journey of some eight hours I was safely deposited in the middle of empty, dead Ferrara. I traversed the silent grass-grown streets on my pilgrimage to Ariosto's house literally alone, now and then indeed, I saw a few stragglers afar off, and occasionally heard a sound of children in the houses, as if some one was still living in them, once or twice too, I absolutely met a man; but I had the luxury of seeing the house of the dead poet in just such a quiet, shady, silent street, as the house of a dead poet should be in. I dared not knock or ring lest the showman jargon, and the showman's fee, should disturb the pleasant unbroken picture my mind had received; so I sat me down awhile, unseen and unquestioned, upon the hospitable porch seat, and then went on my way. Being weak enough after this to believe that I ought to see a church, I went and dug up an old sextoness with her keys, who opened and banged doors, and bored me about miracles that I didn't believe, in a patois that I couldn't understand, who furthermore took the opportunity, whilst I was trying to be astonished at a 99th Virgin Mary, or a 101st St. John, of negotiating some small prayers through a plaster of Paris saint, and depositing upon some particularly holy brick, a few kisses on account (or possibly in *advance*, on the “penance first and pleasure afterwards” principle). By late evening I was wending my way right wearily along the tedious jolting road to Rovigo, and trying, with an indifferent grace, to be civil to, and make use of, a ruffian whom I then supposed had cheated me. Weariness, and want of heart in this endeavour, made me at last give it up, and so I sat back sulkily, and watched the fire-flies and the lightning, and listened for the faint rumbling of the thunder, and hoped for rain, and wondered whether the earth felt as thirsty as I did, and then, with very little association of ideas, or natural transition, my thoughts whirled homeward, and I began to have some qualmish yearnings towards Old England, with her lesser lightnings, and her greater comforts. 'Twas nearly midnight before we got housed, for the first hotel was full, and we had to crawl back again through the long dark streets from one end of the town to the other. Thanks to fatigue, a light supper, and a clear conscience, I went to sleep with the thunder crashing above, in full force, and the lightning gleaming across my eyes in rapid flashes. (A soldier wounded or killed by a bolt, as we heard next morning, within two or three houses of us.)

This was a day of unceasing imposition and over-charge—from “morn to dewy eve” I was cheated, cheated, cheated. I grew wroth

at it towards afternoon, and began to bluster and sulk alternately, after the manner of travellers in general, and the English in particular; however, my thoughts were diverted from my grievous wrongs by an amusing scrambling race between our driver and several others, for the flying bridge over the Adige; so whilst our baggage was being searched at the frontier, (after crossing the aforesaid Adige,) I sat down and reckoned, and reasoned with myself, as to *how much* I was angry about, and found, that many, various, and vexatious as had been the details of imposition, the sum after all, could be but a few shillings. "Yes, but (replies pertinacious Ill-temper) 'tis not the amount, but the principle." Pooh! pooh! Ill-temper, no such thing; who in the name of sense, looks for or cares for principle in Italy? 'Tis mortification, wounded vanity, self-discontent, at finding that others have been able to outwit you. You rave about principle, and mean passion—you *hate* to be cheated; just so, because it unpleasantly reminds you that you have been dull and stupid: 'tis not so much the knavery of others, as the folly of ourselves, that angers us—'tis far less aggravating to discover another man to be a rogue, than to suspect yourself of being a fool.

30th. Having engaged with the vetturino to carry me the longer distance for the lesser charge, and so smoothed away my dislike, I found him a very decent and obliging fellow, with whom I began to discourse, merely to practise my Italian, but continued it because he interested me—reached Padua in six hours, i. e. by half-past nine o'clock—breakfasted, and out for a cruise. A giant horse of wood, in a giant hall of stone, the first giant being almost lost in the second. A palace containing as a curiosity an extraordinary group of fifty-nine devils, tumbled and jumbled, heads and tails, legs, arms and wings, into an impossibly irregular pyramid, surmounted, capped, and climaxed, with one rather weakly-looking angel. The great wonder of the performance seems that all this chaos of form is cut out of a single piece of marble; and verily as to the rest a man with any imagination might, by supping heavily on roast pork, dream as good (or as bad) a conception. Two more churches! Shall I never be wise? An ice at the "Padrochi" (a café of enormous proportions but poorish provision), and back to take out a few travel stains. The table d'hôte not a very lively meeting, the only three ladies being German, the only three gentlemen, French, Italian, and English, so we looked at them and at each other, and—ate our dinners. I met the Frenchman at the Padrochi again, and found him conversable—tried to write in the evening, but having been in bed only three hours last night, could not keep my eyes open. *The letter of the 28th being finished at Padua, may perhaps come best in this sequence.*

#### LETTER IV.

My dear —

BOLOGNA.

Our route hither from Ancona was accomplished with considerable difficulty in three days. The road presents nothing striking, but

leaves you to the full enjoyment (?) of this slow mode of travelling. It is a dead flat, lying for some distance along the coast of an utterly becalmed sea; and when it turns inland, there is an equally monotonous sea of corn fields. The earth teems with produce, one can almost imagine it overburdened and oppressed by the weight of its own fertility; in the very midst and thickest of the wheat are trees of olives and mulberries, with vines, supported in graceful festoons (as in the old Bacchanal pictures) from tree to tree, and all these clustering and springing up indiscriminately together, racing as it were for the first ripening. The mulberries have won the first heat in this race, for their leaves were being gathered by the picturesque peasantry into great flannel bags.

It is amusing to reflect, that although there has been some five or six thousand years to think about the matter, the fairest of Eve's daughters still depend upon the leaves of trees for their garments, and indeed, for the matter of that, the most dandyfied of Adam's sons are still obliged to resort to the skins of animals; for "silk" and "wool," and all the tribes of loom-formed textures, are but modifications of these original products. Overstrained nonsense as this is, it may serve to remind us of the limits of man's power; he is almost, but not quite, a god—infinately varied and extended his influence over the things that *are*—subtle and refined the changes through which he can force matter—he is after all, a mere modifier, the user up and worker out of things bestowed: he can no more create even so much as a grain of sand, than he can move the earth out of its sphere, indeed, if he could *make* an atom he would be able to move a world. But I'm going out of my way almost as much as did our driver the other day, when suddenly drawing up his horses, he slid from his seat and went full chace after a stray chick, with the deliberate and avowed intention of stealing it in broad daylight, and with half a dozen witnesses (worse and worse, in endeavouring to get back, you see I've stumbled over a recollection totally irrelevant and incongruous. Parbleu! I wish for *your* sake I was a genius, for then I might be incoherent without being absurd: but since happily for myself I do not possess that uncomfortable quality, if I wish to be understood I must endeavour to be orderly)—so now where am I? On the road to Bologna. And what saw you on that road? Why, I saw (when I could see for dust) oddly-shaped carts, dragged by extraordinary teams—oxen, donkeys, mules, men and horses being indiscriminately used for this purpose, and toiling along at every conceivable variety of speed. A popular arrangement seemed to be a very tall horse with two very little donkeys, tied one on each side, and very great sobriety was manifested in the gait of the trio; they reminded me vividly of an exceedingly gaunt governess that used to walk about Brighton between two scraggy pupils: but the "Noah's ark team," as we christened it, was decidedly the drollest, for the various animals composing it being endowed by nature with totally dissimilar paces, they made, when thus huddled together in a common cause, a very

disorderly march of it indeed. After a time we quite looked out for fresh novelties and new combinations of animals, and should hardly have been surprised to find a cat and a pig put into harness together, or cocks and hens drawing their own eggs to market. I saw too as we passed through the towns that "Viva Jackini," or "Viva Jillini," (the dancing men and women of the day or place) were beginning to dispute the walls and door-posts with the "Viva Pio," and I remembered me of the fickle Roman mobs of yore, and perceived that still the breath of popular favour is but an idle indiscriminating wind, that sometimes moves a ship and sometimes lifts a feather. (Resumed in Padua.) I had a busy day of "rest" in Bologna—a saunter and a lunch in Ferrara—on to Rovigo by midnight—arriving here yesterday, eager to see "time-honoured Padua,"—and a pleasant place enough is Padua. There is a fine open space, relieved by ornamental waters, and embellished with many statues, where the folks walk and drive to show their new clothes or their new horses; and there are quiet deserted old streets (with houses of quaint device and crumbling shady porticoes) through which one may loiter in undisturbed delightful reverie, peopling them once more with Shakespear's Paduans. There is the finest and largest hall that I have ever seen, and the citizens are allowed to use it for balls and fetes upon all and every occasion (which is saying a great deal in Italy). There are eight entrances to this hall, by means of balustraded staircases, and my guide assured me that on very grand fete-days about a thousand persons entered it by each staircase: of course I could form no conception of the truth or falsity of this assertion, but the place is undeniably immense, and presents to the eye a cleared and roofed-in space that is certainly very striking. At one end is a monster wooden horse, in imitation of the Trojan trophy (for you must know that this city believes itself to have been founded by Priam's brother, whose great stone coffin stands against the outer wall of a church, as though being a Pagan's, the authorities had turned it out of consecrated doors.) Now this horse, when seen from the other end, does not look out of measure tall, being dwarfed by the size of the building down to life-like proportions: but when approached I should say that there was a height of twenty-four feet raised on a pedestal of eight feet more. Another celebrity of this city is its university, whose galieried court-yard presents a good specimen of the prevailing taste (almost mania as it seems to me) for routing up all kinds of antique fragments, and sticking them against the walls of their modern edifices. You will see constantly, both in public and private buildings, both in open court-yard and closed chamber, small pieces of old tombs, half a dozen words of an inscription, the leg or arm, body or head, of a frescoed cherub, a score or two of mutilated, half-defaced armorial bearings, and various other odds and ends, the clippings and parings as it were of antiquity, reminding you irresistibly of the propensity that children have for cutting pictures, and scraps of printing out of old books to paste into the leaves of a new one; indeed, one might

almost imagine that Italy was a great architectural scrap-book, with walls for leaves. The statues and other relics that can stand alone, and without being stuck in stucco, have much the same mutilated character. You will see in some collections horses without their riders and riders without their horses, but more frequently a little of each; sometimes only the haunch and hind leg, sometimes the forehead and a man's toe: you will see in one corner the half of a lion, in another about a third of a wolf, centaurs without arms or noses, and arms and noses without centaurs. Of course I regret this destruction most sincerely, but ignoramus as I am of the rules and beauties of high art, I may be allowed to laugh a little at its dilapidated representatives. As I hope to be in Venice to breakfast this morning I must break off betimes, and with kindest thoughts and messages of and to all, sign myself

Yours ever,

S. L.

Monday 31.—An omnibus and a railway station—"how very English"—the idea of going from Padua to Venice in such a punctual business-like manner, quite quenches the romantic interest their names may have excited; but as if this were not enough, you find upon arriving at the journey's end that the large kind of gondola waiting to convey you to the hotel is already called omnibus, and will doubtless in due time degenerate (by the same elegant process of abbreviation that has made the word a bone of contention betwixt heavy fathers and their boarding-school daughters) into "bus." This vessel, besides its complement of four "bus-men," is furnished with a regular cad, who pokes his head in at the door and takes your fare, without haggling or cheating at all. This is painfully proper—"we surely can't be in Italy—this never can be Venice." 'Tis certainly rather odd to be turning the sharp corners of narrow canals instead of running it fine for the lamp-posts, to hear no noise but the plashing of oars and the creaking of boats, and to see such a succession of fine tall houses, all standing up to their knees in water; but the precision and propriety of the journey conspiring with a placid doze in an easy "first class" carriage, had completely re-invested me with all sorts of English matter-of-fact notions, and I was shocked to find myself thinking how damp the cellars of these aforesaid tall houses must be, and what difficulty there would be in keeping a glass of good port for a friend and a winter's afternoon! And this was my first impression of Venice! Shade of Shylock! is't possible?

Of course being the first day in Venice, I took gondolas for every thing, and a very charming mode of progressing they afford, with their aid sight-seeing ceases to be a bore, and becomes a pleasant interlude from repose: notwithstanding this, I learnt with a secret satisfaction that there were only two or three really good galleries, so I went at once to the best, it being luckily the "open"-day, and thoroughly enjoyed it, for the gems of the old masters are there, and there also are some of the more interesting illustrations of history and

mythology. (Literature, poetry, and the drama appear never or rarely to have furnished subjects for Italian painters ; this I (perhaps ignorantly) regret ; methinks 'twould have been pleasant and instructive to have seen one great mind translated by another, to have seen for example how Michael Angelo, Titian, or Guido, read Dante, Tasso, or Petrarch.) After this we rowed out towards the Armenian convent, and I went to sleep again—(there must be something soporific in the air of Venice). Arriving, however, I was awakened by the intelligence that we had landed on the diminutive territory of a small republic of a very peculiar character—'tis a little nation on a little island, with a little code of laws, and a little flotilla of gondolas, a little terrace, colonnade and orchard, a little gallery, museum and library combined ; a little studio, a little book-shop, but a large printing establishment : and as the brethren are content with the "little" for themselves, and keep their only "large" constantly at work for the benefit of the out of the way places and neglected corners of the world, devoting their lives to the study of innumerable and unheard of languages, that they may the better mitigate the curse of Babel,—and above all, as the subjects of their press and the objects of their learned labours are not merely sectarian, but take a liberal range through science and literature—methinks there is displayed by this community a great deal of philanthropy, ingenuity, and industry ; the which seems none the less for the modesty with which they speak of their purposes, and the ready courtesy with which they show their multum in parvo willingly and gratuitously to all comers. Glided back over the broad water and dismissed my impenetrable cicerone, resolving to see his stolid face no more : dressed for dinner, which was elaborately served to about eighty folks of many countries. Dressing and dining looks like civilized life once more, I have perpetrated very little in these matters since Rome ; travelling makes one equally careless of table and toilet—took a saunter into the piazza for my coffee, and bought some odds and ends of apparel ; shopping in Venice is a very easy matter, since the requisites are all stored up upon a few open spaces of dry land.

Tuesday 1st.—To the Tower of St. Mark, agreeably surprised to find there were no steps to ascend, but an interior paved walk, sloping upwards, and following the square of the building, 'twas like going up a mountain under cover : had the start of the main body of the tourists, who in about an hour came trooping up, each party furnished with a Murray and a cicerone ; and when I heard the monotonous list of churches and palaces thrummed over in bad French, English, or German, I thanked my stars that I had not got a cicerone—to be pestered in such a place as this with a string of empty ugly sounding names, the half of which you would forget upon the spot, and to the other half attach no idea, would have been intolerable. Venice strikes me as being a most comprehensible city ; one seems to perceive at a glance that it must have been from its very position and arrangement the first maritime city in the world, and your only

wonder is that the splendid canals and ports are not still thronged with ships, the quays and piazzas still piled with rich merchandize and swarming with busy life. You seem also to understand, as the eye ranges from these quarters over the countless roofs of the arsenal, and then rests upon the glittering cathedral and luxurious palace, how the source of power in due time gave forth the signs of power, and that henceforth they grew together, and working and interworking by and for each other, increased to such and such extent. Devoted the remainder of the morning to the doge's palace, every step through which has its strong and distinct interest. After lingering awhile upon the marble stairs from the court-yard, at the head of which the princes were crowned, and one (Mariano Faliero) executed, I passed by the "golden staircase," leading to the state rooms, (up which, after crowning, they were led,) and stopped awhile in the anti-chamber of the inquisition: a room more terrible in its associations than the inquisition-hall itself, for this place gave Fear long life, gave Terror protracted torment, held Horror in suspense; 'tis a chamber whose air has been rendered faint and heavy by the sighs of despairing misery and sickening Hope, by the stifled groans and pent up breath of fearful Expectation; here quailed the courage of the bravest, and the heart of the timid died; here, tortured and weakened Heroism, lifting his glazing sunken eye, and seeing these hated walls and that bitterly remembered door, has striven once more to rouse his fainting frame to bear the unequal contest, that so once more, he might unflinchingly confront, stern cold-eyed cruelty and lawless power, and speak again, in screams of agony, his faith and constancy, or write it on their floors, in streams of blood.

I am always interested by painted ideas of Hell, for the notion men have of that is an index to their own minds, and in some degree also to the character of the age in which they lived, and in this same anti-chamber is a design of this kind, in which the imagined torments are of the most grossly corporal, the most substantially and carnally horrible of any representation I have yet seen, and truly a fit place for such a picture. Came next into the Chamber of the Council of Three Hundred, with its raised seats for the Doge and the Ten; this place has a rostrum, from which an Othello might well have addressed "the potent, grave, and reverend signors." The hall of audience and reception chamber for the ambassadors of surrounding powers; here even England's representative may once have held a humble place. All these halls and chambers are decorated with painted illustrations of the faded glories and dead heroes of the fallen city, and from the contemplation of these I descended to the dark dungeons that lie like the hidden rot beneath all this fair surface: thus passing from the gilded staircase up which the crowned and triumphant prince ascended, preceded by Ceremony and followed by Vanity, to the steps down which the condemned victim wended his sad and mournful way, —from the luxurious chambers of refined elegance, adorned with all that is delicate and exquisite in form, colour, and proportion, to the

rough-hewn narrow cell, with its floor of slimy clay and black stone walls, from glory too great for man, to indignity too vile for brutes—from light to darkness, from life to death. The paths that have been trodden and worn by misery, chill even the casual visitor with a passing heaviness; 'tis impossible to follow the tracks of heart-sickness and deadly anguish without walking in their shadow. There is a communicated horror still hanging in the air of these dungeons—there is a “Satanic Consecration” in the place of many murders, and with an involuntary shudder I owned this influence as we passed on to the strangling seat and saw the great holes down which the blood of man has flowed in causeless and unhallowed streams. Came up into the light to breathe again, and finding in these scenes matter enough for one day's thought, I took an “idle,” and went skimming over the waters in a light gondola and talked random Italian to the ill-favoured scamp who worked the wooden fin behind me. Gondoliers reverse all our preconceived notions of rowing—they stand up instead of sitting down to their work, they turn their faces instead of their backs to the prow, use one oar instead of two, and push instead of pulling. The gondola itself is in external appearance something between a coffin and a canoe. June the 2nd began with a half-letter as follows:—

My dear —, I enclose to you the accompanying few and fallen leaves from my journal. I would have kept them till my return, feeling it to be almost a shame to pay so much postage for so much rubbish; but I considered again that 'twas only their novelty and freshness and the absence of the writer, that could give them any value, so determined to treat myself to the pleasant luxury of affording you (as I hope) some little amusement. Yesterday morning I realized delightfully this fair city, for I climbed the tower of St. Mark, and studied from thence a page from the book of nature, charmingly illustrated by art. I have always loved high places, for they are ever suggestive of correspondent thoughts—one is mentally, as well as bodily raised, above the noise, confusion, and narrowness of the walks of men, above the petty cares and jealousies, that roofs cover, alike above the obscurity of private life and the disquiet of public fame; neither the dull mists of the country, nor the fiery smoke of towns, can reach you; you feel the air to be purer, and it is so, for it is nearer the Fountain of Purity, and less contaminated with the breath of man's misdeeds; you look down now upon what you were yourself, and marking how the figures strutting or hurrying on, in the shadows of the stony giants they have reared, are pigmied by the comparison, you reflect, that ever as man builds higher, the smaller he sees himself to be. Now too, one may look down, even upon pretentious spires and high reaching steeples, and find that they strive in vain, to be nearer heaven than yourself, and looking upward from these things below, the eye can soar with an unbroken vision into the bright expanse, and the heart can feel with an unbounded joy, that



it needs no hollowed domes to catch the echoes of its aspirations, no priestly funnel to carry up the thoughts to God. This keen enjoyment of abstract *height*, I have had from many a mountain top and lofty tower, but never before, from either mountain or tower, have I looked upon such a fairy city. The sea—the broad, the glorious sea, like a lion tamed by beauty, lies quietly and calmly sleeping at the feet of its Queen. The many islands, like great ships, seem balanced, rather than fixed in the waters; on one is a splendid marble church, on another a magnificent palace, on others, arsenals and gardens and convents. The vast piazza with its colonnades curtained in classic style, spreads below you like an enormous stage, on which the daily drama of “life” is, even as you look, beginning to be enacted; a stage most fit for those gorgeous “Spectacles” of military preparation, and returned triumph, for shows, and processions, and stirring scenes of proud, or punished power, that here had place and acting in the days of yore. On another side the lesser piazza opens to the sea, and just upon the place of embarkation stand the two columns surmounted with the winged Lion, and the soldier Saint; between and partially separating the two piazzas are the Basilica of St. Mark and the palace of the Doge, forming together a continuous but contrasted building. I suppose it is to be attributed to the liberal intermixture of the “Moresque” with the architecture, that these two buildings have an elegance and a richness unparalleled, except in the imagination. Their columns seem to have grown, to have sprung up naturally from a congenial soil, rather than to have been laboriously and forcedly piled up piece by piece into a heavy crushing burden on the land; and this apparent lightness is sustained from pedestal to pinnacle in such a manner, that the cluster of gilt stars, rising from the extreme spires, seem like the golden fruit of the architectural tree.

Added to the elaborate carving that adorns the façade of the Basilica, it is enriched with trophies won from the Eastern nations, with statues, with gilding, frescoes, and mosaics: it appears indeed far too rich and costly to be out of doors, it ought to be put under a great bell-glass. The genius of Venetian workmanship (that exquisite art and finish in minute things for which the people have in all time been celebrated) has in this instance so softened and modified the rigid front of Architecture, as to give it a sunny, easy beauty, which even children might love to look upon: I will grant with the learned in such matters that much noble simplicity may be lost in this perhaps too plentiful ornament, but when one has seen the “Classic” in Rome, ’tis pleasant to meet the “Beautiful” in Venice. As usual I have left only space enough for short messages of kindness, none the less sincere, however, for being little worded. “Hail, all! health and long life attend ye.”

Yours ever, S. L.

Journal resumed. Breakfasted at the hotel, and then took gondola

F

and rowed away to an island, to see the manufactories of glass tumblers, bottles, and beads; brought away, at some cost, specimens in the various stages of construction; saw a church with some fine old monuments, and a palace with Titian's chef d'œuvre of the Madonna; was pertinaciously cheated at the post office in posting a triple letter for England; made enquiry as to diligence to Milan, and dismissing my gondolier at the Piazza, took a short walk in search of an appetite. After dinner, a heavy storm came on, so took my coffee in the balcony; discoursed a tall fellow who was eloquent upon Vesuvius and Pompei, and a little aigre Frenchman who "sacre 'd" everything Italian with great vehemence; his nose looked nearly as sharp as his temper, and I should think a fine pocket handkerchief would not last him any time at all. Ran to the piazza between the storms, the second of which held me prisoner there for two or three hours—got barbarously barberized—bought a chain, and drank cyprus in sheer impatience at the Far Niente, which when compelled is never "dolci."

3d. Went betimes to the piazza with the deliberate intention of spending the whole day there and amusing myself with the procession, and the people that it gathered, and *was* amused at first by both, but somehow, as I sat moodying in the old Basilica, I began to dislike the show that was passing through it, and would much rather have been there alone with nothing to see but the wan faded paintings and the mosaic floor worn into great waves by the generations that had walked upon it; so I went out and stood by the doors, watching the interminable train as it streamed slowly forth, until it formed one unbroken line of glitter on every side of the great square, and listening to the dismal chaunting, enlivened occasionally by the clank of muskets and the firing of cannon. Now, I would gladly have gone up into the tower and sat and looked at this from the height (for I felt that it required to be seen from a distance), but the thronging was too great, hence I was condemned still to bear the hustling and restlessness of the excited crowd, the bawling of the vendors of cakes and drinks, the yelling and screeching of boys, the noisy squabbings and scoldings of the petty officers of the Pageant; and being thus pent up amidst these annoyances against my will, I pronounced it, of course, a very tiresome and stupid affair: it served, however, to draw the people into the public ways, and 'twas well to see Venice in her holiday costume.

## LETTER V.

My dear ———, this would be the place of all the world for Friend J—— to have a "good idle" in: there are cool cafés for a lounging breakfast,—there are small islands, gardens, and piazzas, each and every of them compassable by the laziest of walkers; and then for the heat and burden of the day there is that peculiar and distinctive excellence—that charming and unrivalled resting place—

that sofa-boat, the gondola. Thanks to this, instead of being driven in doors for your mid-day siesta, you pass the "fevering time" in the easiest of positions, in the coolest and most refreshing of breezes, for one can here be *on* the sea without desiring to be thrown *into* it—can drink health from its breezes without sickness from its waves. I repeat it, then, and shall live and die in the belief, that for a lazy man with a limited income, whose propensity in other lands would be too powerful for his pocket, Venice is *the* place *par excellence*. I wish somebody would put it up to auction, and let George Robins have the selling it. What gigantic type he would indulge in. I don't believe all Europe would furnish paper enough for his puff. What ravings we should have about "this Aqueous Eden," "this Fairyland," "this Palaced Paradise"; the only danger would be that the subject might become too overpowering, even for the electrotyped nerves of an auctioneer, and that losing himself in "this labyrinth of waters," he might be confounded at finding that he was only telling the truth, and in despair of doing more, incontinently smother himself in his own froth. Be it what it is, or be it what it might be, I leave it for Milan to-morrow. I have enjoyed my few days here much, they have been a thorough relaxation: indeed, had relaxation been my object, I should instinctively have come *to* Venice, stayed *at* Venice, and returned *from* Venice, and then I should have left it with regret; as it is, after to-day I do not know what I should do here or why I should stay: 'tis another thought acted—another dream dreamt, and I hasten on my way hailing the change. Yesterday was a grand church-festival at St. Mark's; and as these affairs are begun early in the day, I went and breakfasted in the piazza, (where it was to be principally held), and saw it from the first gathering of the smartened shop-boys, soldiers, and beggars, to the derobing of the porters, who did the heavy business in the procession: for you should know that a festival consists mainly in a procession of wondrous length, marching into a church at one door and out of it at another,—indeed, from the ceaseless exits and entrances, I began to be a little suspicious that they were "gulling the public," after the manner of the skilful gentlemen who have the management of theatrical supernumeraries. I had reason in due time however, to believe that the thing was genuine, for there was hardly a gondolier to be seen in all Venice, they had all been pressed into this service, and (enveloped in long red nightgowns) were employed in carrying all sorts of ugly top-heavy things on poles—mighty hard work this seemed to be too, for I heard more than one muttered curse, as the scorched and panting knaves staggered by under the unwieldly holiness of sanctified candlesticks, sacred flower-pots, and consecrated clothes-baskets. It was instructive to remark how much of crafty cunning management was required in the getting in and out under the church doors, with their long candles; and how the "beggars" crept amongst the "carriers" and caught the droppings of the guttering wax, (like the waste of the church, imperfectly supplying the want of the poor); how the carriers

themselves, by their mode of supporting their burdens, suggested that for the pomps of the church, the "stomachs" of the labourer must suffer; how the great columns of wax with their little lighted wicks at the top typified the church itself, being a cumbrous and costly contrivance for small enlightenment; and how the paling and the going out of this light, as it was borne out into the breezy sunshine, shewed it to be only fit for dim aisles and darkened gloomy corners, and equally useless and ridiculous in the full day; and if the discordant, unintelligible chaunt of the school children and fat friars be taken to represent the argument for the church, truly the firing of guns and the marching of soldiers that followed immediately upon this, closing the procession and winding up the whole affair, was peculiarly significant of the means by which such argument would be clenched. Thus ended, I was glad to retreat to my gondola, for I was tired of the cavilling spirit that the gew-gaw show had raised, headachy with the noise and glitter, sick and disgusted at the near propinquity of rags and filth, and irritable with being jostled in the crowd; eagerly, then, I escaped from the throng, and betaking me to the calm and calming waters, strove to banish all thought and recollection of the empty and unmeaning prank thus played before High Heaven.

At dinner met an Englishman fresh from Naples, and finding him a pleasant, cheerful fellow, did the honours of Venice for him, by taking him in my gondola to the Rialto, the public gardens, and afterwards to the Piazza for ices and coffee; 'tis certainly rather pleasant to have an agreeable easy chat in one's own language again, after the sound of it has died away for many days. This city is justly celebrated (as it seemed to us) for beautiful faces, they are more frequent and more fair than in the south: through the whole country, however, the beauty of the women is of a high and distinctive character—you never see a mere "Beauty," *their* statues seem always to stay at home upon pedestals, and never languish into life upon the public ways: there is no marble in book-muslin in Italy, but flesh and blood, fire and soul; fire that, giving grace and energy to their every movement, and glowing with a subdued light from every feature, finds full and flashing expression in their eyes. Even the plain are attractive, and the beautiful are brilliant. Granted—but if they have not the coldness of marble, neither can they boast its virgin purity; and if the plain are attractive 'tis indeed fortunate, for of a certainty they are very numerous. They are not listless, truly, but do they not err nearly at the opposite extreme? is not that fire and soul and brilliancy *too* fiery, *too* fierce, *too* restless and unquiet? does it not scorch rather than warm? Trust me, I should fear it shrewdly. Love with such is lightning—a meteor-blaze, that flashes, dazzles, dies. But love should rather be a torch, that touched and kindled by the heaven-given fire, burns upward through a life, the beacon of our youth, the star and glory of our manhood, and the yet strong and trial-hallowed light, that shoots a ray across the gulf of death, to show old age eternity.

I long to hear of you all once more, and look hopefully for letters at Milan, or at any rate at Basle. Deo volente, I will be in England again on or before the 20th, since I see no cause likely to delay me beyond my appointed time. I shall have hard travelling *till* the Rhine, but a rest *upon* it. Farewell.

4th.—Read and wrote till past ten, then took a hurried breakfast and went across the water to visit the beautiful church opposite our hotel before it should be closed. As I sat, a party of English old women came in to inspect it also, and charged full clatter, with parasols couched, spectacles fixt, and noses in the air, amongst the crowd of devout Catholics who were attending mass. Anon stopping to nudge one another to look at the silver candlesticks and mentally weigh them by the ounce, or with pursed-up lips absorbed in deep calculation, as to how much a yard the priest's lace cost. Anon, gaping, open-mouthed, with sapient and undisguised curiosity at the ceremonies, the priests, the people, and the place; *I* also came in for a share of their speculations, and almost expected they would come up and touch me, to see if I was alive. What a pity that these misguided damsels should have come so far for so little, should have left their own quiet and respectable country at the risk of their old bones, to run their heads against all sorts of unpleasant contradictions to their former lives; should take such infinite pains to their own infinite perplexity. I have met scores of such old people, toddling vaguely and discontentedly through the "guide-book" sights, querulously murmuring at the unsettlement and discomfort they encounter, and yet perseveringly exposing themselves to all the inconveniencies of strange lands, strange language, and strange customs—and all for what? To bewilder themselves with facts that they can never hope to use, and to disturb opinions that are too old to be altered.

(5th day and night,) for the night was decidedly the most disagreeably important portion of the twenty-four hours, which hours were all spent in various parts of a wretched diligence, crammed nearly to suffocation. The first crowding in the cabriolet was brought upon myself by my own disinterested interpretation for a couple of stray "Indians," who repaid me in conversation what they took from me in ease; the second, was after having at Verona visited the amphitheatre, and the House of the Capulets, and become thereby forgetful of present Italy in past Italy—a forgetfulness most speedily and rudely dispelled, by finding myself almost unconsciously deluded into "a nice inside place for the night"—such an inside place! So cramped, so hard, so be-basketed and cloaked, so stewed in unwholesome heat, so peppered and served up (thus hot) with dust—I hope never to be again. There were two Germans, one Italian, one Muscovite, an American, and myself, each and every of us with a vast superfluity of coats and furs, baskets and sacs de nuit, stowed into a rotonde that would have been small for four lightly-accountred people. We tried to laugh at it, but 'twas really too uncomfortable, and one by one we relapsed into a cross silence, broken at intervals by peevish

groans. The morning of the 6th found us at four o'clock washing a little of the dust off our faces at a public fountain in Brescia, and breakfasting by candle-light in a wakeful café. On starting again "America" and I mounted upon the roof, and felt quite jovial and jolly; carrying on thus very pleasantly till the mid-day sun came down upon us, and until being put bodily and as we were on to the "rail," we got a great shaking on our high perch and a smart shower of ashes: however, "America" was a capital old gentleman, one of the beamy, everything-very-delightful men, and so we slept whilst the baggage was being searched, instead of growling at the slow officials who searched it, and in the course of time, being suffered to go to our hotel, we slept again for a couple of hours; but we both agreed when we met at dinner, that the first sleep in the burning sun and upon the dusty roof of the coach, with noise and confusion around us, was far sweeter than the second, though in darkened quiet rooms and upon easy couches. Table d'hôte "so so" does not do after the shower of dishes at the Europa, where, by the way, we had sat at the same table and crossed the same threshold for many days without either having recognized the other (inference: "mutually unobservant or mutually insignificant"). Took my coffee where I could sit and see the cathedral, and then went in and wandered round it, taking away with me, as a first impression, that it was too large to be appreciated for its beauty of detail, and too elaborate to be appreciated for its size; the parts destroy the effect of the whole, but are themselves exhausted in the effort. From every aspect, however, of the outside, whether you survey from a distance its harmonious proportions, or drawing near to the great sides and monster windows, *feel* its piecemeal vastness: whether you linger on the portico to read the bible history there set forth in marble illustration, or from its high places look upon the broad roofs and countless spires, each with its guardian statue, forming a little army in the air—it is a place to be wondered at and admired, a noble work, showing forth well and strikingly the power to plan, the patience to perform. And it was next morning (7th) before the town was well astir, that we saw and said this; so after we had been made to remark all the new work, to acknowledge that the marble thereof was singularly transparent, and beguiled up and down galleries and across rain-wetted roofs, to look at various other "Guide-glories," we came down from the heights of admiration to breakfast. This discussed, "America" went to all sorts of agents, about all manner of things; for having been in Egypt, he had cumbered himself with unwieldy curiosities to such an extent as to require almost a baggage-waggon to move them. Not being able satisfactorily to arrange for their conveyance, he drew some cash at his banker's, and innocently began to lay in fresh stores, buying maps and hats and socks and jugs with wonderful eagerness, in all these transactions, expending an infinite quantity of bad French. He and the Guide repeated and re-repeated, in a sort of triple echo, one another's sentences; for "Guidy" spoke bad French too, only 'twas with another

twang, and the two "twangs" didn't very clearly understand one another, until they had picked up the words and put them into their own ears with their own tongues. At last we began the business of the day, and visited an old church, which was indeed an old church, and very becomingly left, in all its quaint simplicity of ornament, the walls of the galleried court-yard by which you first enter, being covered with those laboriously executed and seriously-intended caricatures y'clept tapestries. From thence we drove across the broad plain levelled by Napoleon, a spacious arena, alternately used by generals and jockies, being equally fitted for races and reviews. The crowning object on this wide field is a triumphal arch of dazzling white marble, surmounted by a group of bronze horses. Near to this is the amphitheatre, used for national shows; this latter place, as viewed from the imperial box, is a large oval hollow, like an emptied reservoir, rising from the brink of which, are tiers of grassy banks, whereon the people sit; although from the great and progressively increasing circumference of these primitive benches, this is capable of accomodating a vast number of people, it is not at all an impressive building, either externally or internally; it has no height or depth at all commensurate with its extent; and after the Coliseum, and the arena at Verona, seems but a shallow affair. La Scala being the largest theatre in Italy, we were not to be baulked of seeing it simply because the season was over, so we had a number of lamps lighted and placed in a semicircle round the pit, and surveyed the "empty gaiety" by their aid. 'Tis not fair to take either places or people out of season, and methinks we have shown much the same want of taste in this matter, as if we had plotted to catch the Belle of the over-night ball in her dressing-gown, curl-papers and slippers. In the evening we lounged about the city and cruised amongst the shops and coach-offices, for "America" has an inkling to go everywhere, as well as to buy everything, and has successively determined upon half a dozen different routes to one place: I helped him through three, the maitre d'hotel, the guide, and the commissionaire suggested the other three; meantime he stays here to "consider further," so I initiate him into the mysteries of café-cognac, strawberry punch, &c. &c., and take a tender farewell of this Juvenile Antiquity, this Eccentric Benevolence.

8th.—To Sesto Calendo, a drive of six hours, before breakfast; a Russian my companion, who being in an intermittent fever about his own passport, aroused sundry qualms within me as to mine. The guide books tell you that the visée for Sardinia costs four francs, and for Suisse two. Now, I remembered that no charge had been made in the bill, and so concluded that the commissionaire had blundered the matter, and that at the least an awkward delay of some days would be the result. With an eye to the main, I had, therefore, done the amiable in the way of brandy and water and cigars to the conducteur, thinking to need his services in taking it or me back to Milan; however, by some chance still unexplained, the in-

formality of passing through two countries without paying for the privilege was overlooked, and we were soon fairly afloat on the Lake Maggiore. The Russian stayed at the Isola Bella, one of the Borromees, and I was not sorry to be rid of him, for he was a "great lubberly boy," who, not content with having infected me with useless uneasiness in the passport business, came shivering upon deck every five or ten minutes, reminding me that it was very chilly: in his gauche blunderings and flounderings about the deck, he reminded one irresistibly of a Newfoundland pup, and you felt that it would have been a great relief to have had him tied up somewhere out of the way. It was not, therefore, till towards evening, that I began to enjoy this mountain scene. Byron well says, "high mountains are a feeling," for when the eye has ample range over a vast space—when it kindles with pleasure at the broad bold outlines of hill beyond hill, at the strong and beautiful lights and shadows, at the contrasted perception of enormous nature and minute art—the soul seems to expand to the subject of its contemplation, and forgetting lesser thoughts, glows with an exultation ill understood, unreduceable to reason—but alas for the interruptions of the body! Even as I write, my enjoyment of a mountain is disturbed by a pertinacious "blue bottle:" and once disturbed, I remember me that I both *am* and *ought to be* hungry, and that hungry I must remain for full three hours more. My first impression of Switzerland is doomed to be a broken and confused one, for upon disembarking we had to scramble away to find places in the most rickety of omnibuses, and to travel therein over the roughest of roads for two or three hours. The living contents of the miserable vehicle being principally bad-smelling aborigines, I turned for mutual condolence and encouragement under these trying circumstances to a trio composed of two Russians and a Russianized Englishman, and found them very good-hearted, cheerful, and somewhat original, but a shade too coarse for long companionship; they were obliged to push on to Altorf that night, so I made fatigue my excuse for not joining them (an excuse not altogether unreasonable, since travelling incessantly in one way or another from three o'clock in the morning till nine at night gives a man a tolerable relish even for a hard bed and a queer supper in the town of Bellinzona.) I had somehow or other got implicated and involved in their stormy arrangements with the authorities at the diligence-office, and found myself half unconsciously joining (much contrary to my custom) in a Babel of dispute, where every body spoke and nobody listened; this was the more piquant, inasmuch as the disputants rang the changes on four different languages. At last we trailed through the dark streets, led by the laudatory voice of a pert garçon, who was eloquent in praise of the accommodation to be found at the Lion d'Or. We supped together and discoursed till midnight, when they went their way to Altorf, I mine to bed. I had started this morning without the remotest determination as to where I should be this night, and incline to think that in a part of the world where there are so many



bulks and hindrances to thwart your preconceived plan, 'tis but a needless vexation to make one.

9th.—“The mountain and the cottage at its foot alike lift their heads above the surface of the earth, alike become visible and palpable existences—the mist of the mountain rolls upward into the heavens, and the smoke of the cottage ascends also a little way; and thus ever humbly and at immeasurable distance, does the work of man follow afar off the works of God.” This was my morning thought, as with a gladdened and refreshed spirit, awaking to the full enjoyment of the scenes before me, I wended on my way through the valleys. For a time the character of the scenery resembled that of the lake of yesterday, only that one was passing over an earthy plain instead of a watery one; there was the same height of mountain walls that still seemed to surround and shut you in, and make you feel quite uncertain as to how or where to get out, and there was the same distance between, leaving a broad open space through which to choose your course (this due proportion of rock and plain, of ruggedness and fertility is pleasant; the mind is aroused but not overwrought by the sublimity; the sense is satisfied, but not cloyed with richness and fertility; it is in that proportion with which the “material” should ever minister to the enjoyment of the “mental,” softening and supporting its abstract strainings after the ideal with a touch of homeliness and comfort); but presently the valley shrunk to a narrow pass, the hills closed in upon us, and left hardly room for the road and the roaring stream to hold on their way together—beneath us, a precipice, and the angry waters tearing and plunging amongst the broken masses of rock with the noise of thunder: above, a dark and overhanging cliff, that echoes back in strong and regular pulsations the sullen roar below: behind us, and before, seen through the long and narrow gorge, arise the mountain tops, chill snow-clad solitudes, that draw down misty clouds, and cast them on the earth in cold and heavy rains. Who shall *describe* such scenes? Who shall do more than look with silent wonder upward and downward, till the head grows dizzy with the heights and depths, and then, with long-drawn breath exclaim, “Heavens, what a chasm!”

Came forth into the plain again, and sped on and on, passing through quaint villages, with their still quainter steeples, passing by the vine-covered walks of the Swiss farmer, seeing ever and anon white and foaming cascades tumbling headlong into the growing stream below, and swelling it with force and fury: high up, one traced the silver thread of the descending waters, until it lost itself in snow and mist. Weariness was beguiled by novelty; so that we arrived at the end of our day's journey whilst I was still looking at and admiring these things: the day-light had ended too, before we were well settled to dinner, and we found, upon sitting still and thinking about it, that we had passed not only from Italy to Switzerland, but from summer to autumn, and had exchanged the necessity for cool piazzas, open windows, and iced drinks, for the equally urgent ne-

cessity for blazing fires, warmed beds, and hot brandy and water: with these altered appliances, with a civil and intelligent host, and his pretty daughters to wait on us, we managed to make ourselves very contented in the snug little Albergo, at the foot of St. Gothard. I derive my plurality to-day from a Milan druggist out on a fortnight's holiday, who is already beginning to feel a little nervous at being alone and so far from home! Until now he hasn't been able to summon courage to take this long-desired trip (into Switzerland) although planned and intended many years ago. He is a widower with one son, of whom he talks much, and hopes much (poor devil!) He carries with him, for the purpose of making annotations, a massive guide-book, about the size and shape of a family bible, and judging from the prints and the costumes, nearly as old I should think. The local information it contains is of course obsolete and quite out of the memory of even "the oldest inhabitant;" but from this he reads copious extracts to the conducteur, and then cross-questions him as to the soundness of the information therein set forth. 'Tis amusing to see the mutual misunderstandings as to places, customs, and hotels that follow from these expositions. He is very precise as to the exact spelling and pronunciation of the names of the towns we pass through, and is ardent in his exhortations and resolutions to set all these important particulars down. Perceiving that he was suffering from the first under an uneasy curiosity to know who and what I was, I gave him all the desired statistics at once, and relieved him of all further anxiety on that subject—and a great relief it appeared to be to him, for every Englishman is supposed to be either a nobleman or a millionaire, and had I figured in either of those capacities, he would not have liked to unburthen his whole soul of his whole history and present state, as now he did; and, by heaven, I regretted at last having thus so hastily thrown away the protection from his tediousness; for as he spoke most barbarous French with a bad snuffle, had a vanity in favour of common tobacco and much snuff, was a gangling ill-favoured fellow, and to speak candidly, rather a stupid sort of person, I could feign but little curiosity about him, and felt still less.

10th.—Looked from my bed-room window and shivered, washed in water that gave me the tooth-ache, and obliged me to thaw my fingers before I could write; to the which I had hardly settled when the early arrival of our vehicle (the diligence) set everybody in a bustle—kicked my loose things into their bag, rushed to book a place, (if there was one)—rushed back to bolt a breakfast—shied the amount of my bill on to the kitchen table, and was half-way up St. Gothard before well recovered from the hurry; found then that we were sitting muffled to the chin in thick wraps and yet benumbed with cold—that we were being drawn slowly up a zig-zag road by eight horses, who were with difficulty whipped into a scrambling plunge round the sharp angles, which at every five or ten minutes we had to turn. Although now an hour and a half on the road, Airolo (our starting point) still

lay just below us, and I fancied I could distinguish the window from which that morning I had looked. The fall of snow having somewhat abated, I doffed my cumbrous wraps and essayed a walk. "How cold and furiously the wind blows, how bleak and bare is this upper world, how barren and freezing its aspect!" All vegetation had disappeared, the sharp points of the lower mountains seeming to have pierced through and above the "life"-level, whilst the higher peaks were still lost in mist. Snow was the Genius of the scene: for snow lay in the clefts both above and below—snow was blown and drifted about in thick clouds—snow in great masses hung thawing over the mountain streams, or in equally great masses hung impending over our heads, and was brushed contemptuously by the lumbering Diligence, that it threatened to fall upon and smother,—and soon snow lay upon the roads thicker and thicker, until in places our horses had to wade through it up to their girths—at last "snow" was everywhere, and I shut my aching and dazzled eyes, and quietly resigned myself to the benumbing influence. When I opened them again we were rattling down on the other side with the wheels lashed, and two horses to steady us and keep us from going too fast; thus going down and down, as it seemed for ever, we plunged again into narrow defiles, crossing impossibly high bridges, and shaving the edges of very nightmarish precipices; so gradually as the day wore on, we changed from snow to rain, from rain to sunshine, from winter to spring again; and on a fair evening I halted, and bidding adieu to the big-pawed "Pharmacien," found myself the sole guest of mine right ancient host of the Eagle, in the primitive town of Altorf. Changed the wet boots that had punished me for the last six hours, and with some difficulty made the old man (who seems to be the only French scholar in the place) understand that I should be glad to have them dried and mended, and then, whilst my dinner was preparing, took a short walk to get a little warmth, and to take a first view of the Tell monuments; for here it was that the Swiss champion and the foreign tyrant played their parts in that wild, romantic drama of history; here is the spot (authentically marked by a tower) where the pole and the hat were raised, and there beyond, where now the humble fountains play and the rude figures stand, stood Geisler and his ruffian soldiers, Tell and the trembling child—the space, the arena where all these strange doings were enacted, I can look upon as upon a stage, from my bed-room window, and 'tis so little curtailed of the needful spaciousness, that one may see and understand the how and the where of the whole story. I felt a vivid but uncommunicable pleasure in looking forth upon this, and in wandering about the quiet old streets, knowing that I was treading the same paths, crossing the same streams, and looking up into the same mountains that had inspired and sustained in the soul of the peasant hero, loftiness of purpose and the fervent love of freedom; and once as I paused, dreaming, that perchance, upon that very spot Tell had stood, revolving scheme upon scheme for freeing his country, and bitterly brooding over the "oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-

tumely," a single pistol shot was fired a long way off, but the sound came forth and found echo after echo in the mountains, and I be-thought me that that pistol-shot was the symbol of the signal of "liberty"—a signal which once fired with steady aim and a firm hand, finds an echo in every land, however distant, in every heart, however weak. Long, ever be it thus, let men never cease to struggle with their chains, until they break them, and are free. Let pride, oppression, insolence of power, ever be met and checked by a bold honesty and noble wrath: in every nation, every age and time let right resist the wrong—let tyrants find a Tell. If there should be, now or in time to come, a people grown so vile or sunk so low, that the voke galls them not, and their proud master's foot is kissed, instead of wounded—a nation that shall cringe and fawn upon the hand that strikes them—let not that people live, let even their annals perish all unread; and if it come to pass, as some would have us think, that, worn by long and painful contests, weakened by sensual pleasure, ensnared by circumstance, or dulled by these and other potent influences, all the Nations fall into a careless, unaspiring slavishness, and that the notes of "freedom," "liberty," finding no echo in the human heart, die out, and sound no more, may Man die too—may fire or deluge once more purge the world, and end at one fell swoop the craven race.

11th.—The weather cleared and allowed me a short walk before dinner, after which I had purposed a detour to Burglen, before embarking for Lucerne; but this was too complicated a movement for the resources of the place, besides which, mine host was in the greatest anxiety lest I should not be in time for the boat, so hurried me off at least an hour too soon. The poor old man was sadly perplexed at being paid a little more than his bill, in the which he had omitted so many small items, that I was obliged to make it anew for him; then in his anxiety to give me all kinds of warnings and advices, he kept a hand upon my arm all the way down stairs and out into the market place, where, being duly inducted into an antediluvian hackney coach, I left him and his whole household looking after us as we joggled on our way, most likely wondering how long it would be before another traveller should stop there.

## LETTER VI.

ALTORF.

My dear ———, you will owe this present persecution to a wet day spent or being spent at an inn: thus you see how unceremoniously I share all my little troubles with you—I never get waylaid, hindered, or housed by any chance, lucky or unlucky, but what I must seize my portfolio, settle myself in a quiet corner, and lay a tax upon your patience. Truly I am not much disturbed here, I am the only occupant of all the rooms, and represent in my own proper person the

first and the last "arrival." The house is comfortably appointed, scrupulously clean, well situate, and the best in the town; but visitors appear to be rather matters of tradition than absolute, substantial, and bill-paying realities. Before me, as I sit, lie the books with the signatures of the pleasure-seekers, who have rested here as far back as 1809, *i. e.* before the war which is significantly marked by a gap from "12 to 17." I was curious to have some account of this intermediate time from my aged host, (who looks as old as his house), but the question brought the tears into his eyes; so I gently but speedily changed the subject, for he is indeed very old, and his broken French is still further broken by the trembling that Time has brought upon his tongue; his power of speech, too, when he first welcomed me appeared to have congealed, stagnated with long silence, rusted for want of use,—for he can discourse better now; and as he sits by me in the room, whilst I breakfast or dine, to interpret my wants to the German waiting maids, some of his old recollections thaw, and flow out in a thin trembling stream, and he tells me how, a long time ago, he used to climb the mountains and take long walks, and guide his visitors to the convent, where there's a fine view, and the village where Tell was born, and the college where there's some "Raphaels," and to all the little lions of the little town; then he will shake his grey head and wonder who will have his hotel when he's gone, he has no sons, no children, no relatives, and is growing too old to have any thing more to do in the world; and then he will rally, and as if habit had suddenly contradicted him, put me to much pain by toddling away to bring me more wine, or bread, or a napkin, coming back quite jolly again, he will quaff a glass with me, and be moved into a famous laugh, such as might often have shaken his sides thirty years ago. I do think that my coming has roused him and done him good, and feel almost certain that he makes as much stir and bustle in the house about one humble and solitary traveller as was his wont to do with Lords and Ladies, and their suites of lacqueys—"poor old Host! I do not think thou wilt live to see many more cross thy threshold, thou must e'en soon make a long travel thyself, and may'st thou, at the end of the journey, find as comfortable a resting place and as genuine a welcome as thou thyself has afforded to others."—Well, I too must "on," on my journey. I have crossed the Alps: the riddle as to how to get out when once amongst the mountains of the Lake Maggiore, was yesterday answered, though it took some pains and some time to answer, as you shall further hear when I see you. Now, although I am religiously reserving Switzerland for a separate tour, I was much tempted to ascend the Rhigi; but they tell me 'tis "too early in the season, that snow lays knee deep, that there is a chance of a stray avalanche, and the certainty of a shower bath—indeed in such a rain as this none but an expert swimmer should venture out at all;" and truly, the clouds hang over the mountains as thickly and substantially as German quilts, so

that possibly the "glorious prospect" would be contracted to a dozen square yards; besides Snowden and Glengariff have taught me that 'tis hardly worth while to climb very high to see very little, or to ascend mountains at times and seasons when all their beauties are mist, so I will e'en submit to the cold water that both clouds and counsellors conspire to throw upon the attempt, and cross the lake at once to Lucerne. From here to Lucerne, from Lucerne to Basle, and from Basle home, seems now but a hop, step, and a jump; but (unless I find reason for it by your letters) I do not mean to knock myself up in making that evolution. (Lucerne, 12th.) In crossing this glorious Lake yesterday evening, I fell in again with the stream of English setting in here constantly from Italy and Greece, Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land: it is really droll to hear men talking with most nonchalant indifference of places hallowed by their associations, and instead of thinking or speaking of them in connection with the circumstances that constitute their only interest, coupling them with the most common place occurrences of their own most common place lives: thus you shall hear them eloquent in their praise of some "butter," that their dragoman procured for them on the "Nile," or in their denunciations of the "Quarantine" at "Gaza" (where it would appear that another Samson is needed to carry away the gates); they will tell you how "a rascal cheated them in Athens," or what a "ducking they got on Lebanon," and perhaps acknowledge that there was a "goodish view from Sinai." I think in a former letter I expressed pretty freely the opinion I had formed of our travelling compatriots—an opinion it would have pleased me better to alter than confirm, but with a few bright exceptions they may be divided into two classes, the "aristocratically insipid," and the "vulgarily disagreeable:" the latter are so immediately recognisable, that one avoids them almost instinctively; the former (consisting principally of young men travelling alone or in parties of two or three) I have seen and studied more, and although in some instances I found the insipidity was merely assumed, and of course in others *might* be so, yet I have ground for believing that in many, in most it was touchingly true, painfully real; those of tender age (doubtless with an unweaned craving for something to suck) having but recently changed the lollipop for the cigar, are fond of expatiating, with a slightly inflated enthusiasm, upon the peculiar beauties of peculiar "weeds," these, are also given to talk in jerks, about "men at Christ's" or at "John's," and otherwise to enlighten you somewhat confusedly as to what is said, done, or believed in their respective colleges; as to the elderly-young (i. e. about my own age) they have generally, according to their own gradual and unconscious confessions, gone cursing and swearing at everything and everybody through the most beautiful, most classical, and most interesting countries of the world, and have derived no higher ideas of classification for the places they have visited and the things they have seen, than "greater or smaller," "goodish or a bore;"—yet these are the men who feel their dignity offended by being sup-

posed to know, to care about, or even to have seen such low fellows as Cobden or O'Connell, and will in answer to a question concerning them, stare at you with a "aw, Cawbden, aw, who ees, aw, Cawbden?"—poor things! who (out of the sphere of their own blind-puppyism) does not know that they who can kindle a nation with the fiery wind of eloquence, must hold precedence over the richest, laziest, most exclusively "correct" Fashionable that ever drawled upon the surface of the earth.

I have long since come to the conclusion, that it is better to travel with health and energy than with a valet and courier: that a power of enjoyment is worth more than a "power" of money; and that a cheerful temper is a finer inheritance than a whole string of titles. It is good for a man to travel now and then out of the beaten track; for a rough journey, by ruthlessly breaking up old habits, forms for him a chaos out of which to frame a new world; and past experience will have availed him little, if the new world be not better than the old; besides these little vicissitudes help to prepare him for those of a life; the wanderer is lodged and cared for sometimes in a palace, sometimes in a pot-house; and finding that rest is as pleasant, food as grateful, thought as bright, and the heart as gay, beneath the humble roof of the wayside inn, as in the splendidly adorned and luxuriously appointed Hotel, it suggests shrewdly how mainly unimportant are external appliances to the real purpose and happiness of life. There is one more conclusion that I have come to still pleasanter than these: it is, that there is much kindness in the world; that it exists even under the most rugged surfaces of humanity, and needs but the heaven-given wand of kindred kindness, to bring it gushing forth upon the thirsty wayfarer: and thus it *will* flow forth, purer and in more free abundance, when the Rock is struck in the Desert, than when the stream runs thick and slowly through the canals of conventionalism in great cities.

12. After visiting my banker and the post, went of course to see the Lion of the place—in this instance absolutely a Lion—'tis of monstrous proportions hewn in a solid rock that serves for pedestal wall and niche, 'tis represented as wounded to the death, and is at once the memorial and the type of the courage of those Swiss guards, who were cut to pieces in their defence of the French King. I should have liked a "brown study" over this singular work, but could not for the life of me shake off a pert Frenchman—the licensed Nuisance of the show, who be-pestered me with dates and names, heights, lengths, depths, and breadths over and over again. I gave him half a franc (though I would much rather have kicked him) and politely insinuated that I had heard much more than enough for the money, and if it was all the same to him, I should be rather glad of his absence; but with a smirk and an incredulous shrug, as though he could not believe any one to be so deficient in taste as to dispense with his conversation, he re-opened his battery of pins' heads upon me, and I "fled shivering." It is perfectly monstrous to think that one can hardly see anything

anywhere, but what the impression of it is destroyed, or to say the least disturbed by paid and parrot showmen, who, whilst you are striving to penetrate to the "idea," distract you with their hackneyed jargon about the "thing." Went away to a neighbouring hill, and there dismissing my guide, rambled about delightfully alone: towering upward on every side rose the mountains—great mountains, that like men who would be great, have shaken off the living world and raised themselves into the region of storms, have lost themselves in the clouds and covered their heads with snow, drawing down upon them lightnings from the invaded skies. If in this lofty barrenness, ambition well might find, its symbol and its warning, the fertile valleys, and the peaceful lake, have each their homilies: what say the fruits in all their passing perishable uses? or the gay flowers that rise so flauntingly above the humbler herbage, and above the earth that gave them being, do they not shadow forth the lesser worldly life, that basks in fitful sunshine, shrinks in storms, vexes itself with humble vanities and small rivalries, whose aim is eating, drinking, and display, whose end is death?

Turning from these, look down into the lake, whose depth is greater than the mountain's height, whose hidden springs are inexhaustible. Like those fair waters is a good man's soul. Moved, deeply moved at times, by the fierce workings of internal fires, or ruffled on the surface, by jarring influences, and warring elements, yet ever as the struggle or the storm goes by, it will resume that settled calm, and deep tranquillity, once more to mirror back, the heaven toward which it looketh. On coming down from the hill, my way led through the cloister of the cathedral, a favourite abiding place it would seem of those who are wealthy enough in their lives to be ornamental in their deaths; for brass and silver and gaily-coloured pictures adorn its walls profusely, and vie in emulative spruceness with each other. Truly the death of the Multitude is the life of the Church, and the more corruption it contains the fairer show it makes! Went on board the boat just then starting, and recrossed the lake as far as Brunnen, there dining and returning by early evening light. We are told of a Dutch Epicure who being out on a fortnight's furlough, found the cookery so excellent in one of the canal boats, that he travelled backwards and forwards by it for the whole time: an Epicure in scenery might well be tempted to spend *his* leisure in traversing and retraversing Lucerne, for nature here prepares him a perpetual banquet, in which the stupendous and the beautiful unite in ever-varying harmonies. There is one point, more especially admirable for a dreamy undefinable beauty, the boat coasts slowly by, in the shadow of a lofty rock, whose steep side runs straight down at once into the fathomless blue water; on the other side a deep bay carries the land so far off, that one can but just discern in the distant curve what you may well believe to be a charming village—that little speck of shining white rising the sole mark and object over the great blank of waters was like the vision of an Earthly Hope; for beyond and behind this were black mountains, still darker and more obscure than the intervening



waters, and above and still beyond, there arose again two higher mountains; on the one the pure and brilliant snow glowed like molten silver in the full beams of the sun, and seemed like the radiant floor of heaven; on the other hung a dull and murky cloud, and mist, like a thick black smoke came out of the cloud, and the rays of light, penetrating but a little way, were turned blood red; and I fell into a reverie, and wondered to which of those two mountains that village led. I was not, however permitted to sentimentalize, here or elsewhere, seeing that of the party who had embarked were a bevy of gay young English girls, laughing, coquettish, and pretty, whose exuberant spirits almost ran them into romps, and who spite of the sturdy frowns of the staid "Papa," could not sketch for laughing, and could not walk for dancing; a latent polka, seemed to flutter in their very dresses, and they diffused around such an atmosphere of gaiety, that I found myself yielding to the pleasant contagion and laughing "audibly."

13th.—Off in reasonably early time, and without hurry or care, for Basle—a civil conducteur, a charming day, and plenty of room, commencing the journey well: about mid-day, however, an aristocratic compatriot, wearying of the inside, asked, and was admitted aloft: sulky, discontented, and crabbed, in return for a civility that really cost me much bodily comfort, he succeeded in infecting me with his own ill temper; his presence was like a fog, his voice an east wind, and his general aspect so sour, that it set my teeth on edge to look at him. There we sat in the two corners of the cabriolet (with the merry little conducteur between us), a brace of silent, dismal, gloomy Britishers, with all the Frenchman's little quips and quirks falling hissingly extinguished in our Dead Sea. It is possible that had I completely laid myself out to amuse this spoilt man, and backed the conducteur's pleasantry against his acidity, we might have won, but 'twould have been a task of as great wonder and as small advantage as the oft-cited fabulous achievement of setting the Thames on fire—surely nothing less than lightning could have enabled the sun to shine through such a Cold Cloud. I have passed to-day through many cantons, and have seen more of Swiss life than upon my previous journeyings. One can understand from merely observing the different character of the Italian and the Swiss habitations, how it is that the former people neither have homes, nor care to have them, whilst the Swiss both have them and love them with an intensity unequalled even by the English. The half-whitened, half-begrimed walls of an Italian dwelling-house, the great dirty windows, with their patched panes, the gaunt overgrown proportions of the whole building, tell eloquently and truly of the desolate discomfort to be encountered within; whilst here every village, every way-side cottage, even the barns and haystacks have an aspect of comfort and homeliness. There is neatness, order, and cleanliness observable in all, but it is softened and relieved from rigidity by a pervading air of ease and warmth. The Dutch are reputed to have the former qualities even in greater degree; but I look

to find a starched primness about Dutch neatness that will take away half its charm—their order and cleanliness arising to the painfully precise, becoming the end rather than the means, and being decidedly more cat-like than comfortable; whilst as to these cottages, you feel quite sure that if one were to look through those sheltered windows, there would be bright blazing wood fires, merry children, and smiling happy faces of young and old—that there will be all sorts of games and gambols at Christmas times—and that grandmamas will never fret about the room being disordered thereby, will never sacrifice the children upon the staid proprieties of chair and cushion, never damp the fun to save the furniture: it is also a part of your derived belief, that a merry-making here, will be no half-and-half, formal affair, where the folks are only gay by rule, and merry upon mathematical demonstration, but really and truly a capital thing, with a jolly whole-soul sincerity about it, that shall open the heart give the spirits a fillip, and furnish the whole neighbourhood with gossip and good humour, for weeks and weeks afterwards.

About the middle of the afternoon we came to a formidable hill; and this giving me an opportunity of a walk and a temporary escape from my dismal companion, I followed the conducteur up a bye path that would make a splendid training-ground for a jockey or a hydro-pathist. Why does not some ingenious Projector project himself into Switzerland, and get up a "joint-stock" for a grand atmospheric line over the Alps? How charming it would be to be pumped straight up hill, and then smoothly uncorked down again; it would be an infinitely more agreeable route, and scarcely a more difficult work, than these extraordinary zig-zag roads that lie like the plaits of a great frill on the mountain's shirt front: we sadly want another Napoleon, who should sit in his easy chair and rub his hands over the fire, and coolly tell astonished engineers and smashed workmen that "nothing was impossible," "that the word was not French." Having distanced and so lost my guide, and beginning to grow tired with my two hour's walk, I sat me down with a small misgiving as to having lost my way, as well as my guide, for no sound of the undiligent Diligence greeted me; it hove in sight at last, however, and dragging its slow length along, took me up again. The trees in places have a very odd appearance, every little twig or sprout being carefully bandaged up, as though these woody Briarii with their hundred arms had recently cut all their fingers. 'Tis a method of grafting; but I should really have supposed, in my cockney ignorance, that 'twould have been easier to have grown a new tree rather than take such an infinite deal of pains in slicing and splicing the old one. The people do not seem to regard Sunday much—shops were open, hay was making and carrying, and other signs of labour abroad. Pleasure also had her votaries, and skittles were popular; children were wheeled about in clothes' baskets, and troops of girls came by: armed to the chin in their buckram suits of many colours and mysterious construction, climaxed by extraordinary caps, and terminating in substantial hair tails of the size of a

respectable cable, these young amazons presented a very formidable appearance; and once or twice, I must confess, they were too many for us, and in the light skirmishing exchange of criticism so turned the laugh against us, and enjoyed that laugh with such thorough heartiness and good-will, as quite to put us out of countenance. The people as we neared Basle seemed to have a powerful vanity for highly ornamented door panels, and for the brightest and most tantalizing of bell-handles. Other of them build themselves little lath summer-houses, of the shape and architecture of an expanded hen-coop, and sit therein very contentedly doing nothing. On our arrival at our hotel, and a case of probable need occurring to my gloomy fellow-traveller, he asked and I offered the use of my purse to carry him to England (merely making a mental reservation that in such case I would not accompany my purse); but even after this we supped at different tables, becoming by mutual consent better strangers than ever, and remaining thus during our sojourn, interchanged no other word—(very “English” this, and apropos of national peculiarities, ’tis to be remarked how differently the men of different countries console themselves when they return to *good* quarters for the desagréments of *bad*—an Englishman seats himself surlily down to con and growl over the latest newspaper; a German exchanges his wayside purchase of bad tobacco for a choice store of the “very best;” whilst a Frenchman consults the “chef” of the kitchen, and carefully elaborates a dinner of many plats.

14th.—Strolled out after breakfast to see the cathedral, and stood for some while so amused with the façade as quite to forget that I had summoned the damsel with the keys from “No. 1435;” and so whilst she was standing with her great German eyes opened wide upon me, I in turn was contemplating the building, and wondering where in the name of drollery all the queer statues and ornaments had come from. On one side over the door was a knight without any joints, stuck straight upright upon a most uncomfortable saddle, which saddle was ingeniously built upon a rheumatic dray-horse. Now there were two things very pointed about this knight; and these were, his toe, which was in a right line with his leg, and a lance of very Quixotic proportions; this lance he was in the act of putting down the throat of an apoplectic dragon, who sat very demurely with open mouth, and threw up his tail in a graceful curve behind him, as if he were about to take a pill, but did not altogether object to it, indeed, rather liked it. On the opposite side, as a match-piece to this group, was one composed of a king and queen. The king was the jolliest of his class, and cocked his crowned head a’ one side, screwed his regal face into a broad grin, and was evidently poking his fun as well as his forefinger at his queen, who (as in duty bound) enjoyed the joke amazingly. After sufficiently enjoying the joke too, I entered, and looked at the pews, and the tomb-stones, and the council-chamber, the last containing a small collection of equivocalrelics: the most remarkable part of the interior investigation to me was, that upon descending

from the highest tower, I lost my way amongst the steeples and demi-steeples, and when I supposed myself nearly down again, found that I'd got amongst the clock-work. Knowing that 'twas nearly ten o'clock, I looked upon it as highly probable that I might be dragged and twisted amongst the great wire nerves and muscles of the machinery, and find *myself* struck as well as the *hour*; and I could not help laughing to think how 'twould have alarmed the good citizens of Basle to have heard their clock strike, as though it had the influenza, with a muffled and snuffly sort of sound. Scrambled out, however, in good time, and without putting them to this wonder; and so away in due course to Strasburg by rail—a hot, flat and unprofitable journey, during which I slept as much as possible. A very meritorious table at the “Paris,” and there encountered an agreeable Englishman, who was travelling with a sick wife and child, a stupid nursemaid, and a cart-load of baggage. After dining we looked at the cathedral, and then as he wanted some laudanum and soda powders, and was diffident of his technical French, I negotiated these small matters for him, and left him to take them, preferring personally another ice.

15th.—Found that we were not to get further than Manheim today; so had time before starting to go see the extraordinary clock and the finely stained windows of the cathedral, and to sit down and watch a small boy pulling convulsively at the long bell-rope; and this small atomy of intense activity amongst such enormous masses of inertia, was a curious sight to see. By the way the consumption of small boys, throughout Italy and Switzerland, in the continual and violent ringing of chimes must be considerable; for these chimes are so elaborately worked out with six or eight strokes of one bell, twelve or eighteen of another, three or four of a third, winding up with one or two “dying falls” of yet another, and this at each quarter of the hour through the day, that if a man made his reckoning of time by church clocks, it would take him at least half the day to count the other half. It is a little surprizing to find that in “musical Italy” an unmeaning unmitigated noise should be made to mark the progress of the hours, whilst in phlegmatic Holland a lessened and harmonized chime salutes the ear: slight as this matter may seem, 'tis far pleasanter to be reminded that your days are shortened in a soft and quiet voice, than to have the knowledge dinned into your ears by the impish agency of little demons, who may be seen high up in the church steeples, enjoying the legalized but unpleasant propensity for making a noise in the world.

16th.—Had reached Manheim last evening, wet, weary, but amused. Amused with a merry pretty girl, about whom all the men were crazed—with a great dolphin of a Russian sailor, who treated the “nations” to champagne and talked their languages to them, and who nearly got into an awkward quarrel by spouting and spluttering over a fastidious Englishman in an attempted pronunciation of “th” with his mouth full. Amused by a squadron of untidily-dressed young

officers from India, and by my pensive acquaintance of the evening before, who had shipped, in addition to his wife, child, nurse-maid and baggage, a bad *tic-doloureux*. Amused with others, but not pleased with myself—'twas a blank day, a day that died and left no sign, a day in which dinner was the main thought and supper the last—in which reading and observation did not awaken reflection, in which thought, was thoughtless, and rest, restlessness; thus also was this day and the next.

17th.—“Yes,” another day, fruitless, idle, wasted—the time of ease that I had promised myself on the Rhine proves to be most wearisome, and the only truly discontented part of my whole journey. I find that listless bodily inactivity does not rest the mind, that excellent dinners and choice wines neither strengthen nor inspire it; that the promised land, though flowing with milk and honey, is a desert if it have no God, and that the manna is ever better than the quails—“I have slept i’ the sun and railed against the first-born of Egypt.” Character in all its Protean shapes is around me, and the river bears me on between the mountains, but I can neither rise to the sublime nor descend to the ridiculous; neither comprehending nor caring for the points of the people nor the peaks of the hills. ’Twas evening when we passed the *Drachenfels* and the Ladye’s Abbey, but I remembered well my last year’s dream on the castled crag—truly they chose steep paths to heaven, that wayward fated pair, Pray Heaven they reached it.\*

18th.—Came last night to Amsterdam, and this morning recommenced with hearty good will, the interrupted sport of lion hunting: so first to the museum; this is a lion of which it might be said there’s scarcely more than the skin, for the curiosities which chiefly constituted it a museum, have been abstracted and transferred to the Hague. There are, however, some good pictures, principally portraits, and I must confess that after looking for some time upon none but dark, subtle, scheming, Italian visages, ’tis rather a relief to see a canvassed collection of good, honest, ugly, Dutchmen, standing sturdily in their frames, like a gallery of bluff Cromwells. After touching at the palace, and finding that Coghlan had said all that was worth saying about it, crossed the water and took carriage for Saardam, driving along the dykes, and passing and repassing, not other carriages, but ships and boats of divers sizes and descriptions, ranging downwards

\* The legend of the “*Drachenfels*,” so pleasantly idealized by Bulwer, will be very generally recalled to the memory by the mere mention of the place. The outline of the story is—that a gallant knight following the Crusade to Palestine, and being long unheard of, false tidings are at last brought to his ladye love that he has been killed in the Holy wars. The lady, in her inconsolable sorrow, devotes herself to heaven, and takes the veil in an abbey on the banks of the Rhine. The knight returns, and finding his mistress irrevocably lost to him, by an action that makes her doubly bright in his eyes, he also forswears the world and builds himself a stately castle on a steep and lofty rock, from which day by day he may watch the casket of his buried treasure.

from "A 1" East Indiamen in full sail, to the modified washing tubs, wherein the jolly young waterman of Holland exerciseth his gentle craft; thus convoyed, we came at last to the humble town and still humbler cottage, where Peter of Russia, ceasing to be a great Emperor, became a great man; and if it be that the Prince makes the Palace, and not the Palace that makes the Prince, more honour and more interest attaches to this rude hut than to Vatican or Versailles. For the despotic ruler over millions of subjects, to lay aside his state for years, and in solitude and obscurity take up his abode in a remote and miserable place like this, following laboriously the employment of a working carpenter, was an act of unparalleled sacrifice and regal heroism, that deserves well to be recorded in marble and gold, and the place of it to be preserved as a shrine, whereunto may come (as indeed they have) princes, nobles, and ministers, from all the courts of Europe. How strange must have been the sensations of the monarch when the realities of his self-chosen exile first crowded upon him: when he lay down for the first night in his wooden garret, and awoke the next morning to wield the saw and the axe, perhaps to be gibed and laughed at by his rough comrades for his awkwardness; the first fire that he lighted the first meal that he cooked and ate, and the first evening after his day's toil, how bewilderingly contradictory to all his former experiences these must have been! In the novelty and strangeness there would be a species of excitement, that might well have sustained even lesser minds against the discomfort; but many a dreary winter's evening must he have been here alone; many a summer's day of hot and painful toil must have fallen heavily upon the hand unused to aught heavier than the jewelled sceptre; the thought of his obsequious courtiers, and luxurious palaces must have returned upon him and been resisted again and again. The merit of an action—the greatness of the man is much, when by strong effort of virtuous resolve, Self is dethroned from the mind for a day—aye, even for an hour; how much more then, in the sustained conflict, in the wearying and wearing silent fight, day after day, month upon month, for years! Hail! then, the lowly threshold! for an Emperor crossed it, and came forth again a Hero. Hail! too, the cottage, rude altar though it be! on it was laid a sacrifice acceptable to God, and good for man—a sacrifice of Self. The place was suggestive, and had touched upon a pet theme with me, so that I know not to what extent of fine-spun moralisms I might have run and written in it, had not my guide and the showman, whom I had sent out for a walk, been driven in by a shower of rain, and with an incessant undertone jabbering thoroughly disturbed me; so returning to the inn, I made "Guidy" dine with me, whereat he was much astonished, and a little uncomfortable, putting on for the occasion a suit of "company manners," that evidently did not fit him; however, after a glass or two of curaçoa he ceased to sit so scrupulously on the extreme verge of his chair, and relaxed somewhat of the excessive gentility with which he had handled his knife and fork; under the same benign influ-

ence, his mental views of Holland in general and Saardam in particular, gradually expanded, and before the horses were put to again, it had become a place of very considerable importance and vast extent. We left it and next visited Broek, a quaint and curious village, inhabited it would seem by an equally peculiar community. The first point that awakens your attention is the necessity for leaving your carriage outside, and entering the place on foot. Now the reason for this is obvious, the streets being only wide enough for pedestrians, yet these pains-taking Dutchmen have strictly *prohibited* the impossibility; but when you enter and see these streets, so exquisitely clean, with every little brick in them so accurately adjusted, so scrubbed, and polished, and dried, you no longer wonder at the tender, almost maternal solicitude with which they are thus doubly protected from harm, your only surprise *now* being that Visitors are not compelled by village edict to take off their boots, and walk through in their socks. If from the general aspect of the place and the nature of the first introduction, you derive the impression that you are about to visit the metropolis of Lilliputia, the fancy is strengthened as you proceed; for parallel with the little streets, and dividing the public way with them, are little canals with little boats upon them and little bridges across; on each side of you are little habitations, each in its own little grounds laid out in grass plots and flower beds of about the superficies of a family pie-dish, with highly decorated foot-paths of an equally surprizing smallness. The architecture is all the dolls' house order; and the dwellings are so radiant and staring with fresh paint and bright brasses, so be-blinded, be-shuttered, and panelled, as if to show that paint to the utmost, that you at once pronounce them to have been recently sent here from some great toyshop unpacked upon the spot, and carefully stuck up in their places. I had at first a great curiosity to see the inside of these houses, and wanted the Guide to improvise some plausible pretext for introducing me; but upon his representation that even the Queen of Wirtemberg had been peremptorily refused admission, I was fain to content me with the exteriors. The Shops, it is true, had their shutters unclosed, but these occurred at long intervals, and the most patient investigation failed to discover what was intended to be sold in them, the sole visible contents being very generally comprised, in a pair of intensely sand-papery scales and weights and the burnished knobs of drawers. I did not, therefore, venture to unearth the proprietors of these rich stores from their back parlours, since it would have been awkward to have disturbed a butcher when one merely wanted a biscuit, or applied at the druggist's for point-lace; besides, upon the whole, the avoiding all communication with the Aborigines, rather favored the illusion that you were assuredly realizing Gulliver's Travels. We passed by, and looked in, at a little church, built quite correctly with steeple and bells, pulpit and pews, and came then upon the market-place, which might be nearly as large as a playground; and after visiting the cheese farm and the gardens (the only two set shows of the village) returned

by a different route, so as to compass the little lake (or large puddle), which is the crowning guide-glory of the whole exhibition. The absence of all signs of life or action, the utter silence and seclusion of the public ways, was so complete, that of those three classes of existence, so plentiful in the walks of men elsewhere, we met not one: there was not a Dog, a Beggar, nor a Child in all Broek; indeed, although as we passed through, the guide told me several long stories about the people, who are traditionally supposed to dwell in the shut-up baby-houses on either side of us, I should be diffident of asserting positively that they *are* inhabited.

19th. Yesterday had revived me, so this morning set forward and homeward right gaily; reached Rotterdam in the rain: if Rotterdam were a dish that it was desirable to reproduce, I would, after the manner of Mrs. Glasse, give the following recipe—"Take the London Docks and soak them in mud, smother with the smoke of Manchester, and sprinkle plentifully with dirty Dutchmen: stir and simmer all together with bustle and business, garnish with the Boulevarts of Paris, and serve up on brick foot-paths." Met a soldier in a helmet and spectacles, the combination of Mars and Pickwick "rather good;" shortly afterwards met another warrior with a baby and an umbrella; the Dutch Bellona it would seem, in times of peace, doth not disdain to take the situation of a dry nurse. Wet though it was I must needs go see the statue of Erasmus in the market-place—poor Erasmus! the rain had given him one of the symptoms of a violent cold in his head; upon second thoughts perhaps, for a man under whose very nose *fish* is constantly bought and sold, this is rather a fortunate infirmity; Took shelter for a while in the white-washed cathedral, wherein lie a trio of stern old admirals in petrified death-pangs, (more striking than agreeable, this immortalized pain, this marbled misery.) After thus paying my respects to the two sights of Rotterdam, I loitered away what little time yet remained before embarking, in a saunter through the streets; cross-questioning my guide more for his amusement than my own instruction, as to the small statistics of the city, such as the prices of food and the wages of the sturdy fellows, who work in strings of eight or ten in barge-dragging—as to the breed and value of horses, and the advantages and disadvantages of the cool methodical fashion they have of tying up their hoofs to a bar when shoeing them—as to why the old women here prefer to ride in Hackney coaches that have been taken off their wheels and springs, and why the drivers of these dismounted drags walk by the side of them instead of sitting on the box. The chain of question and answer on these important(!) subjects, was more than once broken by the somewhat startling sound of a Charlie's rattle, recalling by ancient association the days of Tom and Jerryism, of successful burglaries, and unpunished pickpockets; its warnings here, however, are not intended for the thieves that break through and steal, but are directed simply against the dust that corrupteth—no longer the midnight note of fear



to wakened child or sleepless invalid, telling eloquently of drunken broil and escaping rogues, and conjuring up unquiet visions of fire, robbery, and murder—no longer the powerful spell-sound at which heaps of half-animated Coats with sticks, lanthorns, and asthmas, start from their vertical coffins and rush into one another's arms, but a peaceful, noonday signal, at which another kind of rubbish is brought forth from another kind of receptacle—in a word, at which dustbins and not watchboxes are emptied.

I had of course, no opportunity of judging of the piety of this people but if their godliness be at all in the proverbial and prescribed ratio to their cleanliness, it must indeed be great; such an universal beating of mats and carpets, washing of floors and windows, and hearth-stoning of door-steps, I never before encountered. We have it from history, that one of their admirals adopted as his ensign and mast-head ornament, a broom: whether the implement in question was of the kind since brought home to our hearts and hearths, by the fair and delicate damsels who vend the same, or whether one of the sterner and more utilitarian class of sweepers y'clept "Birch," history saith not, but be that as it may, the idea was most happily expressive of the prevailing peculiarity of his native land; and in a humble endeavour to amplify upon the notion, I would suggest the engrafting upon the national arms, of a shield or escutcheon bearing the device of three Scrubbing Brushes rampant upon a Field of dirt. With this foregoing exposition of the sense intended, I hope no double meaning will be put upon my words, when in summing up the conclusion fairly derived from the morning's observations, I would say that Rotterdam is the most scrubby city of the most scrubby people in Europe. Went on board towards afternoon, making up my mind for a "night of it," for the wind was blowing like a young hurricane, and dead against us, I can't say but what I looked at the two life-boats with a feeling of satisfaction almost amounting to affection. Made a famous supper, wound up with a glass of grog and turning in at 10 o'clock slept soundly till 7 o'clock next morning. So much for a good digestion and a clear conscience.

20th. (and last day of my journal.)—We had made slow way, but the wind abating, by 10 o'clock we were in smooth water off Ramsgate. What a thronged thoroughfare seems the Thames this morning! the ships bending outwards with their white sails in the wind, like flocks of gigantic sea-fowl—smaller craft plying hither and thither and escaping constant collision as it seems by the merest chance, by the twist of a straw, whilst the busy, pushing, steam-boats, thread their rapid way amongst the moving masses as adroitly as manège horses in the trained dance. My night of rest is succeeded by a placidly happy day: for like the good old river on whose broad waters I find myself once more, my thoughts ebb and flow in pleasant alternation; now out far away through the Rhone, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, the Appenines, and then back through Venice, Padua, Verona, Switzerland, the Rhine, Holland. All these passing in rapid panoramic review before me, with many People and much Action to fill up the picture,

but serve to bring 'ack with redoubled force and renewed hope, *home* thoughts and *home* feelings ; and now, even as I write, the vessel touches the land, and I fold up my book and put away my pen, to step once more on English ground.









